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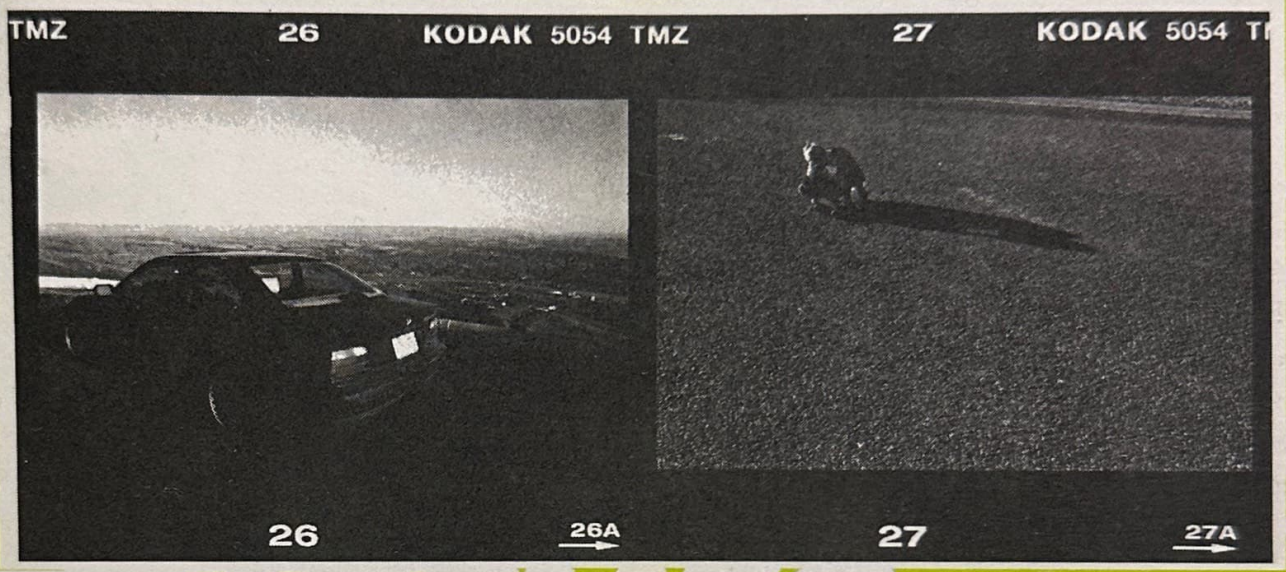
loud paper

dedicated to increasing the volume of architectural discourse



The 1992 BMW driveaway car on the scenic overlook in Lewiston, Idaho looking at Clarkston, Washington, 4-24-99

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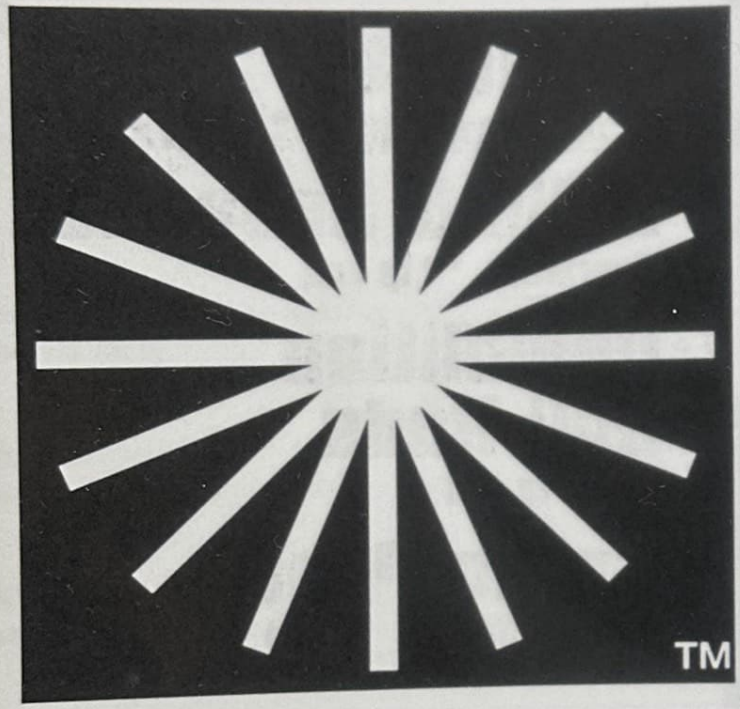

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about **loud paper**:

loud paper is a zine dedicated to increasing the volume of architectural discourse. It is a slambamgetitoutthere way of linking architectural thoughts, musings and new work with the culture at large.

loud paper is open to all students, architects, educators, girls about town, dear Johns and critics as a place for writing loud about architecture and culture.

Submissions of articles, projects, book and music reviews are encouraged.

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Dear *loud paper,*

Thanks for Elizabeth Dubin's balanced article about the Daphne Funeral Home. I live less than a block away from the Daphne and I want to add a little of what I think Dubin's article was missing: the importance of this site to the neighborhood that surrounds it. This community (DuBoce Triangle? Upper Market? Lower Haight?) is at a crossroads. The decision to carry out the Bridge plan (i.e. Build affordable housing) or preserve the Daphne could have a lasting impact on the culture and economy here. Labeling the Daphne a historic monument would help bolster property values in the area. That's why the so-called Neighborhood Associations, comprised primarily of property owners, encourage preservation. (Indeed, the DuBoce Triangle Neighborhood Association supported preservation of the Daphne only after its complaints about the Bridge proposal–density, loss of foliage, etc., all thinly veiled attempts to keep out the poor–fell on deaf ears in City Hall.)

Those of us who do not own property need the Bridge development not only because it brings much-needed housing but because it will retain the economically-mixed nature of the neighborhood and keep it relatively affordable for the time being. As much as I mourn the lack of innovative, particularly modernist, architecture in San Francisco, I must support tearing the Daphne down for the long term good of the community in which it's located.

Best,
Matt Rowe

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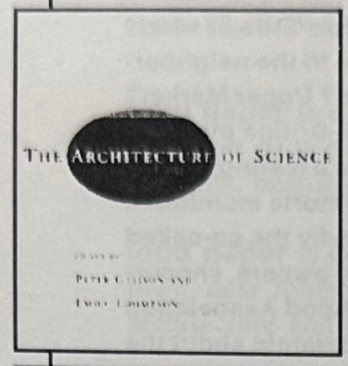

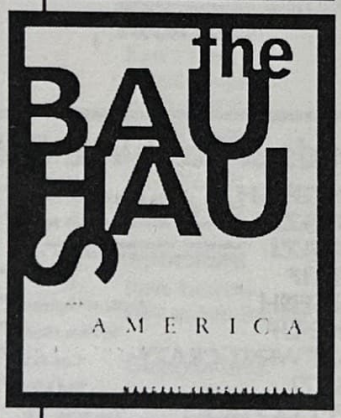

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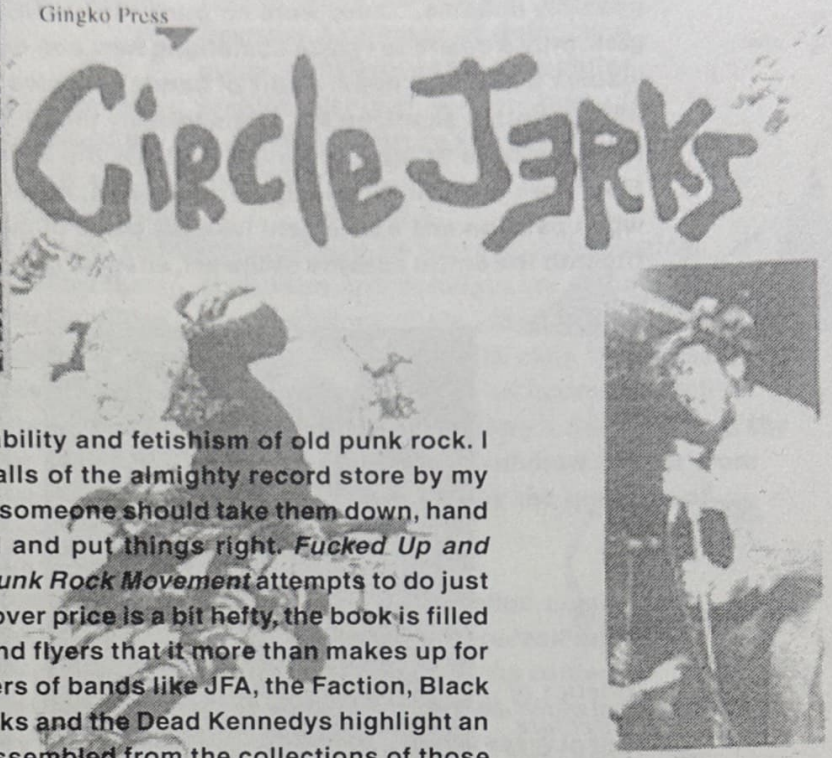
Fucked Up and Photocopied: Instant Art of the Punk Rock Movement
Bryan Ray Turcotte and Christopher T. Miller
1999
Gingko Press



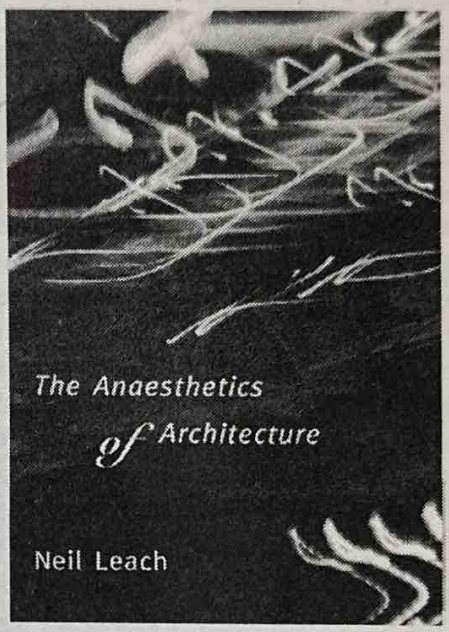
I'M NOT SURE about the collectability and fetishism of old punk rock. I see old 7"s by the Offs on the walls of the almighty record store by my Berkeley flat and I feel as though someone should take them down, hand them to a kid with a skateboard and put things right. *Fucked Up and Photocopied: Instant Art of the Punk Rock Movement* attempts to do just that. While the thirty-five dollar cover price is a bit hefty, the book is filled with enough punk history, lore and flyers that it more than makes up for the cost. Stories from the members of bands like JFA, the Faction, Black Flag, the Avengers, the Circle Jerks and the Dead Kennedys highlight an exhaustive collection of flyers assembled from the collections of those who were there and have the scars to prove it. Turning the pages is like a historical tour of telephone poles of the last twenty years.

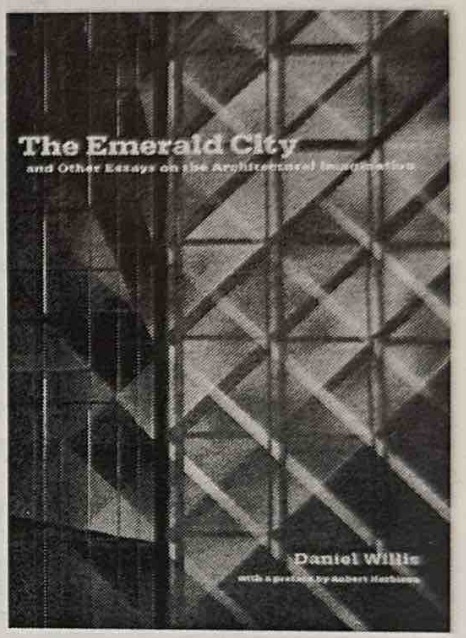
Looking back, two decades from when many of these flyers were created, a few things come to mind. The first is the shear joy of the crude, hastily made flyers. The clipped, Xeroxed and collaged works announcing shows at local clubs illustrate the incredible impact of punk's "anyone can do it" attitude. This is democracy in action. Bands could be formed on Monday, practice on Monday night, write a few songs by Wednesday and cut up copies of *Time Magazine* for a flyer advertising a Friday night show. The immediacy is part of the message. The copy machine was to punk what the movable printing press was to the Bible. Dissemination was easy and the streets were plastered with instant, punk rock art.

The second aspect is the staggering talent of artists who found their voice after the initial prominence of work influenced by Jamie Reed's post-Situationist fare created for the Sex Pistols. Raymond Pettibon's flyer work for Black Flag is incredibly bizarre and astute in it's portrayal of what lies behind America's locked doors. The intricacy of the drawings make it hard to believe that these were Xerox copies stuck on telephone poles all over the Los Angeles area to announce shows to which only a few hundred (at best) people might turn up. Winston Smith's collage work for the Dead Kennedys compliments Jello Biafra's surreal, comical take on contemporary culture by juxtaposing horrifying images with backyard Americana. Pettibon's work has since been shown at the

San Francisco Museum of Modern Art and Smith's work was on the cover of the *New Yorker* the week this piece was written.

Finally, the artists' work on flyers and, eventually, record covers, reflects a natural blending of art, music and message in a way that no branding strategist firm could possibly imagine. There were no punk rock focus groups and no packaging strategies, only a desire to create something new and exciting. The results are images and visuals that are as much a part of bands' legacies as the music itself. When I look at Shawn Kerri's skanking kid, I immediately think of the Circle Jerks. Pushead's work for the Misfits or his mohawked skull for the Exploited as well as Pettibon's Black Flag work each fit the music perfectly and, in turn, become musical icons. Funny, when passion and excitement take the place of money, amazing design, design that fits into the entire scheme of the art, ensues. (JX)





The Anesthetics of Architecture,
Neal Leach
1999
The MIT Press

The Emerald City,
Daniel Willis
1999
Princeton Architectural Press

TWO ARCHITECTURE THEORY **paperbacks new on the shelves are deeply concerned with the future of architecture. For Neal Leach, author of *The Anesthetics of Architecture,* the widespread preoccupation of architects with image-making may be the undoing of contemporary practice. In the *Emerald City*, Daniel Willis' contribution, it is the precariousness of architectural imagination that will determine the fate of the built environment. While the two collections of essays take polar approaches, they both seem to be touching on the vague sense of loss, and ultimately, disappointment that is at the heart of present architectural culture.**

Leach is the director of the Architecture and Critical Theory Program at the University of Nottingham, UK. He uses his background in theory, combined with the philosophies of Walter Benjamin and Jean Baudrillard, to discuss the desensitization (or anaesthetic numbness) caused by the seduction of images. He writes:

> The intoxication of the aesthetic leads to an aesthetic of intoxication, and a consequent lowering of critical awareness. What results is a culture of mindless consumption, where there is no longer any possibility of meaningful discourse. In such a culture the only effective strategy is one of seduction. Architectural design is reduced to the superficial play of empty, seductive forms, and philosophy is appropriated as an intellectual veneer to justify these forms.

Leach views the state of architecture to be no deeper than lip-gloss and he doesn't offer any way out of the shallows. Although his intentions are good and sound, the future he proposes in this polemic work is often bleak.

Stripping pop and irony of the discussion of contemporary architecture, Leach attacks the authors of *Learning from Las Vegas*, Robert Venturi, Denise Scott-Brown and Steven Izenour. He lambastes them for focusing on the formal qualities of Las Vegas, thus eschewing any political or social consequences from their work. He also takes on, perhaps rightly, the verisimilitude of the *War and Architecture* projects in Sarajevo by Lebbeus Woods. Leach charges that the shifting angles and organic forms represent not a political, battlefield architecture, as Woods would suggest, but the architect's fascination with the visual imagery of conflict.

Leach's suspicion of the image conscious world of architecture seems valid enough, but his examples are a bit dated. For better or for worse, the state of architecture has moved beyond the work of Woods or Kenneth Rhowbotham (another Leach example). Architects from Neil Denari to FAT Architecture (www.fat.co.uk) have a much more intricate and charged relationship with the image, than Venturi or Woods. His diametric to the seduction of the slick image is a frolic in everyday life and lived experience. Given the intense academic discourse used in the book and the sheer volume of footnotes, his yelp, "keeping it real," sounds a bit hollow.

A practicing architect and an associate professor at Pennsylvania State University, Daniel Willis' view of the future of architecture is based more in practice and literature than in philosophy or theory. Taking Milan Kundera's the *Unbearable Lightness of Being* as a guide, Willis argues for a weightier architecture, i.e. architecture of substantive craft and imagination. He writes:

> Our vacillations between technological positivism and nostalgia are actually manifestations of the identical desire, the desire for what Kundera calls "lightness." As they are played out in architecture, each of the apparent contradictory values produce the identical effect, they withdraw weight from architecture by ignoring the question of materiality.

The title of the collection comes from a piece that compares Frank Baum's city of Oz with the contemporary, urban metropolis. While the dust jacket claims this essay in the name of pop culture, the piece is singular in type. The essay "Architecture as Medicine" discusses the probable healing power of the Hospital of the Holy Cross and Saint Paul in Barcelona designed by Lluís Domenèch i Montaner. The piece "Valor of Iron" and others are more concerned with metaphysical and spiritual relationships between people, materials and the built environment than with popular culture.

Neither book offers a truly satisfying solution to architecture's troubles, present or future. Both are too single-minded in their approaches and end up more pedantic than visionary. Yet, what each pinpoints is the current of disaffection with the banalities of building, as well as the self-importance and irrelevance of most criticism that runs within contemporary practice. (MZ)

good=bad, or why I like tibor kalman

above: Tibor Kalman, *What if?* from *Colors Magazine* (photo: SFMOMA)
left: Cover of *Tibor Kalman: Perverse Optimist* (published by Princeton Architectural Press, 1999)
following page: M&Co, *Twenty-six Dollar Christmas Present, 1989* (from: *Tibor Kalman: Perverse Optimist)*

Everything is an experiment.

I remember when I first saw the work of Tibor Kalman in *Colors* magazine, the Benetton-financed enterprise that sold ideas not clothes. I was a suburban kid with little knowledge of art let, alone the difference between Bodoni and Helvetica. But I remember those images: a white Spike Lee (huh!?), an Asian Pope (ha!) and a black Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth (HA!). And so it was, a kid in the burbs got her first taste of Tibor (the name just lends itself to first name familiarity). What I find so engrossing about Tibor's work is that its reach is so broad and its range is so extensive. As I walked through the current exhibition *Tiborocity: Design and Undesign by Tibor Kalman, 1929–99,* on view through October 26, 1999 at the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, I was struck by just how familiar his work was to me. Tibor's work has had enormous influence on everything from urban redevelopment to watch design.

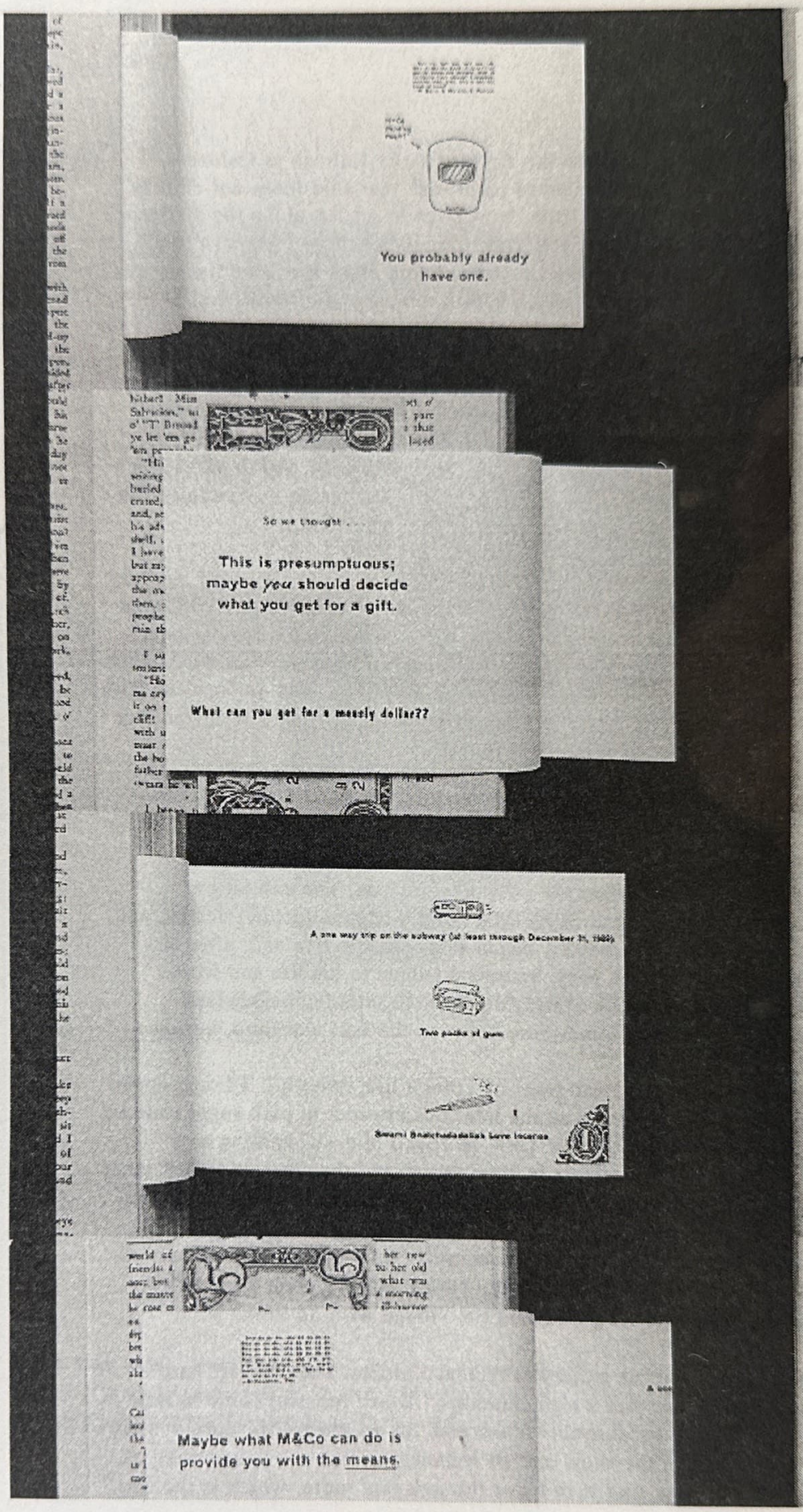
The man who wrote "once you learn, move on" did just that. From his early days as the "creative guy" for what would become Barnes & Noble to his revolutionary video for the Talking Heads' song "Nothing but Flowers" made under the auspices of his own company, M&Co, he moved on, and on, and on. With that process he created diverse body of work and a legacy of design that continues to be both relevant and funny.

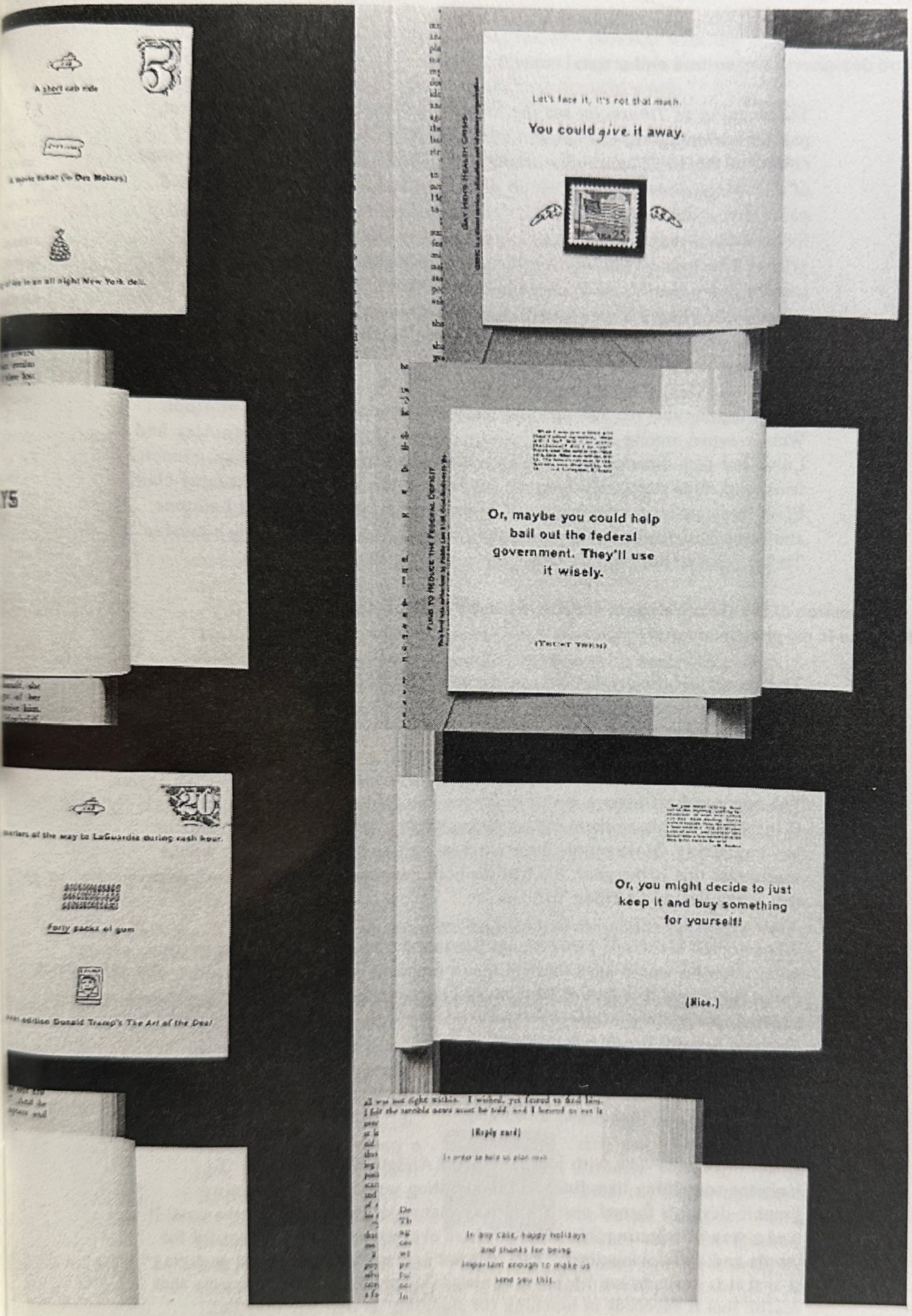
Rules are good. Break them.

Tiborocity runs the gamut of Tibor's innovative design and, more importantly, undesign over the past twenty years. The exhibition, organized by Kalman and SFMOMA curator of architecture, design, and digital projects, Aaron Betsky, began as a retrospective and, after his untimely death this past May, became a tribute to his life and work. *Tiborocity* transforms the white gallery space into a colorful, loud virtual-village located somewhere between the first and third worlds.

Contradiction was the basic tenet of Tibor's life. After all, Tibor dropped out of New York University in the late '60s in order to pick sugar cane in Cuba. Upon his return to New York, he found himself working as a designer for shopping centers in New Jersey and the emerging book giant Barnes and Noble. In true Tibor fashion, the nine parts of the exhibition include such installations as a humor house, complete with Yanni cologne dedicated to the muzacian himself ("one people, one planet, all Yanni"); an advocacy jail containing a 1946 electric chair from South Dakota and finally, a forest beyond the village with no trees.

The organization of the gallery is typical Kalman. The "forest" exit borders the entrance and a sign exclaims: "Don't (please) come in here until you are done because this is the end. So go around the corner, stare at the other stuff in the show and sit somewhere and talk to someone or, if you wish, no one. And then leave through this room, which is the end."


You probably already have one.
So we thought...
This is presumptuous; maybe *you* should decide what you get for a gift.
What can you get for a measly dollar??
A one way trip on the subway (at least through December 31, 1982)
Two packs of gum
Maybe what M&Co can do is provide you with the means.
HAPPY HOLIDA
NOW WE'RE TALKING
(Hope this continues)
(sorry)
Whew! So what are you going to do with all this money?


A short cab ride
Let's face it, it's not that much.
You could give it away.
Or, maybe you could help bail out the federal government. They'll use it wisely.
Or, you might decide to just keep it and buy something for yourself!
(Nice.)
Forty packs of gum
In any case, happy holidays and thanks for being important enough to make us send you this.

Good designers (and writers and artists) make trouble.

The opening of *Tiborocity* set the tone of the exhibition. Michael Bierut, partner at Pentagram Design and editor of *Tibor Kalman: Perverse Optimist*, the 1997 *catalogue raisonne*, and Chee Pearlman, editor in chief of *I.D. Magazine* spoke on "Good designers make trouble." The talk and panel discussion was at times hee-haw hilarious and intensely moving. Since Tibor's death, there had't been a public forum for his admirers to grieve. Beruit and Pearlman spoke about their experiences with Tibor as inspiring, frustrating, and funny. It felt like an intimate gathering of friends who shared a common loss. Maira Kalman, the "M" in M&Co, spoke of Tibor's vivacity saying that even in death he was more alive than most people are in life.

Following the lecture, the opening party continued in the spirit of Tibor. Waiters wove among the guests–who included Maira, his children Alex and Lulu, and film director Jonathan Demme–with trays of onion rings, French fries, and mini-vegetarian burgers. An impromptu visit by a gold-lamé-clad Elvis impersonator, who presented Maira with a bunch of Mylar balloons and party hats for her children, complimented The California-trash cuisine. Tacky, yes, but appropriate to the party and the man.

I am in search of the simple elegant seductive maybe even obvious IDEA.
With this in my pocket I cannot fail.

The success of the exhibition, and the work of Tibor in general, is rooted in the simple and profound idea that bad design is good design is *bad* design (in the Michael Jackson sense of the word). Although most people outside the design community don't recognize the name Tibor Kalman, most, when shown his work, have the "o-oh yeah, he did *that*" reaction. The beauty of his oeuvre is that everyone can find something that either a) is inspiring; b) pisses them off; c) makes them chortle and d) makes them buy something. Most people have all those reactions at once and I would wager that this is the goal. It's bad (in both connotations of the word) and that is the beauty of Tibor.

Tibor argued his whole professional life that being good is a waste of time. After all, who would have thought that a museum would hang framed onion rings next to a bag of Karl Marx potato chips ("share them," says the bag)? Appropriately, Matisse's *Femme au chapeau*, the birth mother of Fauvism herself, hangs just down the hallway as a symbol to a whole different case of bad art = good art. But onion rings? Yeah, onion rings and an electric chair, some magazines stuck on plywood and a speck of dust dutifully labeled "unknown, unwanted."

Once, in an interview with journalist Kurt Andersen, Tibor said, "To embrace something like diner and donut-shop was a way of rejecting graphic design's formal past... the way that modernism rejected the past. It was a way of rejecting this culture where everything was too beautiful for words and was meaningless." Part of what makes Tibor's work so engaging is that it is never beautiful, but it is always personal. It is for precisely that reason that it succeeds in touching (or slapping, as the case may be)

viewers. The merging of the personal and the political with the commercial may seem a contrary notion, an impossible marriage of good and evil; however, Tibor proved that it could work.

Perhaps the best example of this is M&Co's Christmas presents, many of which are on display in the exhibition. Laid out under glass are some of the most ingenious gifts, each wrapped in some type of ideological incentive to do something good. In 1989, M&Co. celebrated the holidays by sending the twenty-six dollar book: a random fifty-cent used book wrapped in string and seeded with notes and dollar bills asking "A book? Just a cruddy book?" and "What are you going to do with all this money?" The books included twenty-six dollars–one dollar over the Federal limit on gifts. In the spirit of giving, a bunch of charity envelopes were also included and an effort was made to keep track of what people did with the money. In *Perverse Optimist* he wrote, "The entire transaction took place inside the individual's conscience; it was a completely private experience. We were interested in exploring those feelings. That is what Christmas is all about. It's the guilt holiday. You feel guilty so you give money to charity, and presents to your family. It's meant to correct imbalances in the system, and it's inadequate. The system is too imbalanced. A few bucks donated to a charity can't change socioeconomic justice."

The following year, M&Co continued to provoke guilt and tempers when they mailed a gift box containing the meal a homeless person at a shelter would receive: a can of juice, a sandwich, a packet of mustard and a piece of pound cake. They also included a page from the *New York Times* real estate section and a twenty-dollar bill with an invitation to buy a hamburger at the 21 Club or send it to the Coalition for the Homeless to buy eighteen homeless people a meal. These gifts were indicative of a fierce political spirit that left nothing sacred and nothing spared. They pissed a lot of people off and it made a lot of people think, but else would a cardboard box of stale food get into a museum?

Eventually you'll forget all this but there will be plenty of new ideas to choose from. And I believe that they'll be better.

Tiborocity is an ode to a man that maintained that "imagination is more important than knowledge." Indeed, Tibor was never formally trained in graphic or product design. A director more than an actor, he was the idea man, the provocateur, a citizen designer. Amidst all the strong images and potent words, all the ugly and the bad, the personal and the political, the right and the wrong, Tibor stands beaming a silly and triumphant grin (see the cover of *Tibor Kalman: Perverse Optimist*). In the end, when the visitor has had his fill of wit and politics, he enters the forest beyond the village and it is here where the Truth of it all rests, final elegy to Tibor. In a dark room, there is only a floor lamp with "I'm not sure" written on it. In the corner, a lone light bulb shines

"but I'm optimistic."

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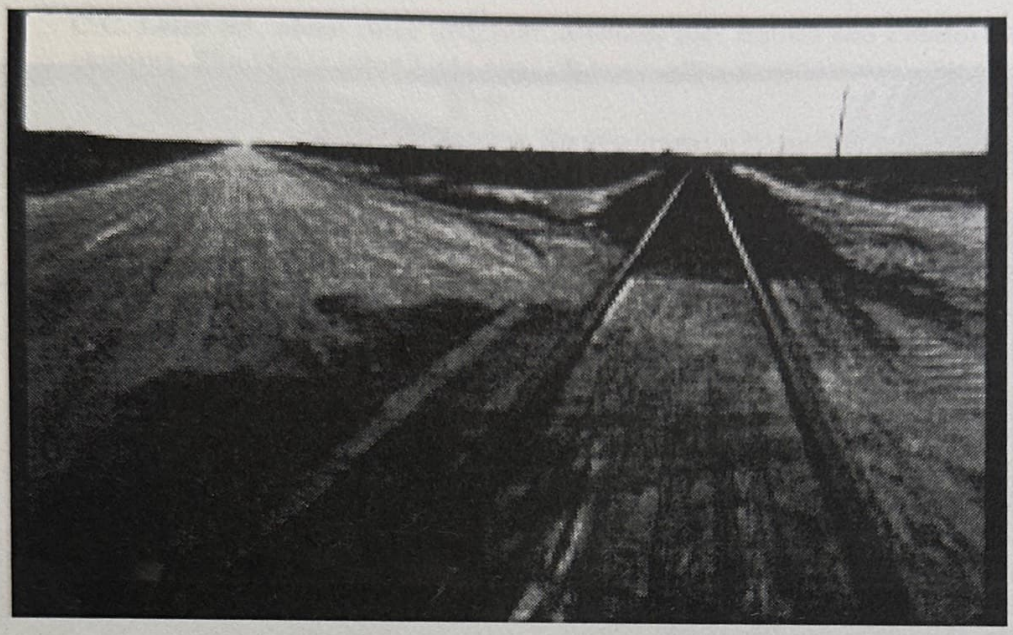
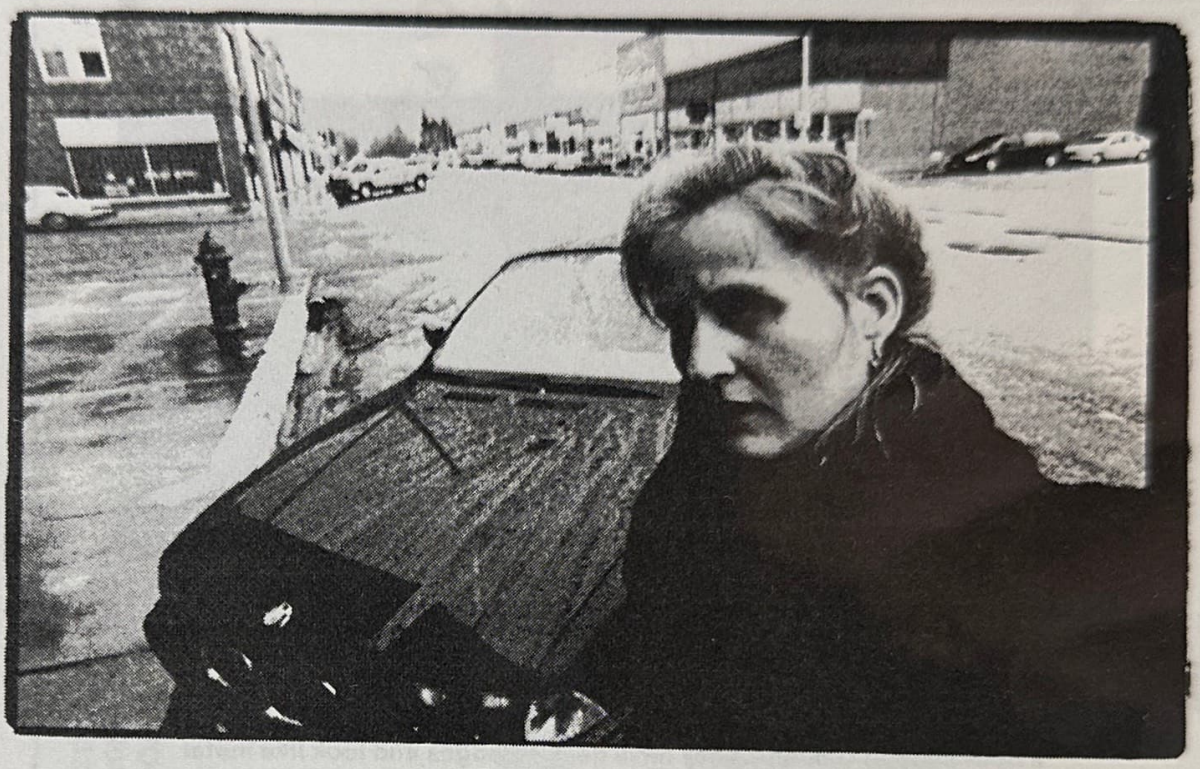
cynthia connelly



Loud paper **interviewed Cynthia Connelly, not because she takes pictures of punk bands, but because her postcards caught our eye in a bookshop in Oakland. They have deckled edges and look like motel cards from the 50s, but rather than showing tourist spots, they traces a magnified tour through the backroads of America. We bought them and sent them out to friends and later learned of Cynthia's amazing images of American landscapes. We wanted to see her show in Seattle at Milky World gallery, but missed it. Instead, we talked to her about photography, space and why cars can be foxy.**

Above: *Hunt Highway, West of Florence, Arizona, 11-11-95.*
Right: *Banned in DC* book cover.
(all photos: copyright 1999 Cynthia Connolly P.O. box 9743WDC 20016)



The images, postcards and *Banned in DC* book discussed in the interview can be purchased directly from Cynthia. We highly recommend the postcard sets. Please check out her page: http://www.southern.com/southern/band/CYNTH/index.html and email her if you are interested.

A handmade book, limited edition, Xeroxed, accordion fold, about twenty-five feet long, letterpressed cover and back is also available. It has an original photo on the front and back; entitled EAST TO WEST. It is photos of trucks driving from the east to west. The photos were taken driving west to east. Signed and numbered. Limited to forty copies. They are $100 each sent in the United States by FedEx. $120. FedExed to the rest of the world.

She also sells framed photos ranging in price from $125 to $190.

Cynthia Connolly
PO Box 9743
Washington, DC 20016-9743
radio&zines@dischord.com
or cynthia@dischord.com

Me with the driveaway 1992 BMW in Big Timber, Montana, 4-22-99.

L.P. What kind of camera do you shoot with?

C.C. Leica R5, about three different Olympus half frames and Polaroid land cameras. The 180 is what I use now. (It has a glass lens!)

Many of your images depict cross-country trips. Do you travel with bands for Dischord, are they personal trips or are they photo tours?

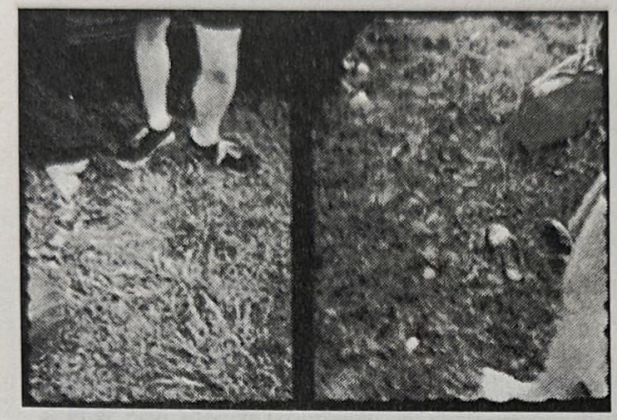
I have only traveled once for about five days with a band and that was with Fugazi in 1995 to get a ride home. I actually don't like travelling with bands. The shows are such a priority and I like to stop and take side roads and get into concentrating on photographing and understanding the landscapes passing. You can't do that with a band trying to get from point A to point B. I try and incorporate driving someone's car on trips that involve a photo show somewhere. So I fly one way and drive back and use the other one way ticket another time and drive back again. That way I get to see the roads and take more photos. The most recent one was from DC to Seattle in late April in a driveaway 1992 BMW 325is. I love using other people's cars and recently I've been really into incorporating the car in the landscapes. I hate cars in one aspect, as they are so consumptive and symbolize just that. But they are also amazingly designed and some are actually foxy to me. Like that BMW. I think this could have something to do with the fact that I grew up in L.A. and spent most of my childhood in a car driving around. You can't help to notice other cars on the freeway and what they are and how they look. I did once, on one of my trips, get stuck. I was stuck in Seattle in October of 1998 with no driveaway car to get home. There was a 1987 Camaro...but it was such a piece of junk that I knew it wouldn't make it. I was excited though thinking about how to incorporate that car into landscapes from Seattle to DC. Too bad it was such a piece of shit.

When did you first start taking photos?

In 1980 in LA I took photos of my friends hanging out with my mom's Canon. Then that got stolen and then I got another Canon. I went to art school at the Corcoran School of Art in DC from '81-'85. I took photography for one year, and then majored in Graphic Design. That's where I got into the use of TYPE. I didn't take photos at all from about 1983 'til 1993. I was burnt out...hated art really. I had to get through a period where art school burnt me bad...then it was the inspiration to take photos of people with their cars for the zine, *Speed Kills* that got me into taking photos again. It was really hard to get into the swing of things again. I realized that photography was also all about building a stockpile of "footage," of images that can be used later...together in groupings. I never saw that before.

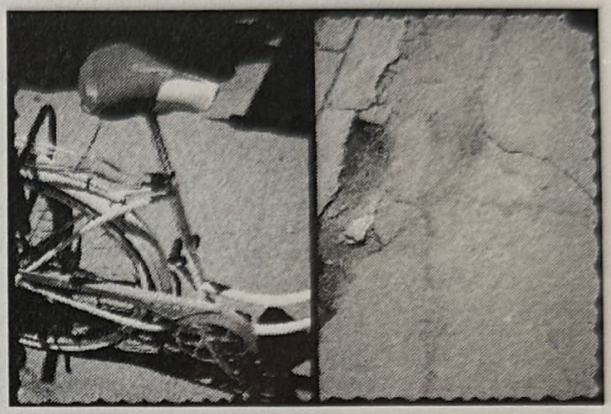
HISTORICAL HARPER'S FERRY, WEST VIRGINIA

Getting ready to tube along the Potomac River. Andy, Alec, Michael, Annie and Allison (shown left to right) take a break from D.C.'s summer heat and humidity. My first and only time tubing, I hope to go again this summer. 8-97.



MISSOULA, MONTANA

A stunning Schwinn CO-ED bike oxidized to a chalky pastel pink, accentuated by the long summer sun of Missoula, Montana. 8-97.



There seems to be two themes in your photos, 1. Community (people) and 2. Empty of people, except traces (remains) of people. Is this intentional?

I really like the lack of people. I like big wide-open spaces. But then I fight that in myself and try and take people. Usually faces aren't there as I hate invading peoples space, but also sometimes a face isn't the important part of the photo to me. Who said it should be? It's just a face, right? Nothing is really that intentional. If I think too much about it, then I get overwhelmed and then I will stop. I have to sort of "go with the flow" and not think of what and why I take photos. It just makes me happy when I can get an image that later I will be happy to look at, a space that I want to document for future starings, future gazings and thinkings...

The postcards are amazing. They looked so cool on the rack that we had to buy more than one. They belong in sets. Do you have any comments on postcards as a medium? Part commodity and part souvenir.... What's up with the nostalgic scalloped edges, etc?

I used to collect postcards when I was a kid. I love postcards. They are so cool. I love when it's a photo of a dam and there's all this bullshit technical data that you really don't need to know. Really overboard. It's sort of an expression of when America was really into: 'PROGRESS". It's the progress that's really damaging everything and I just laugh at it. I love it. We are so proud of what we build (like the cars) but it's our ultimate demise. We have made things so convenient, that we will have to pay for it all later, in decades to come. We are speeding up the destruction of our own lives. It's all part of it. The deckle edge to me is funny too. Deckle is the edge of the paper when it is made and it's the rough edge before being cut. Then, I guess in the 1940's or 50's, some person thought, in order to be so "modern," they would make a die that would CUT the paper to "LOOK" like the rough edge of the paper. Basically, the rough edge is cut off, and then the postcards are printed, then the rough edge is CUT ON, but the rough edge looks nothing like real deckle...but they call it that. It looks like some dude at a drawing board did some scallops with a ball point pen in like 15

GREAT FALLS, MONTANA

Cruising by Great Falls, Montana on the way to Glacier Park, a man ran out of the drive-in towards me after I took this photo. Thinking that he was angry, Nicky and I jumped in the car and drove away. In retrospect, he may have just been trying to tell me some cool historical facts about the drive-in that I could have included here. 8-97.

seconds and said, "Make a die out of that, Ralph, and we'll use it to make the deckle edge for postcards." They were they in a big hurry and they didn't notice that it really didn't look like deckle. In any case, it's the same die today as the original one. You can take my card and put it against something from the 50's and it's the same one. God bless the guy who did that!

Do you see yourself in line with people like Dorthea Lange and Robert Frank? They come to mind when looking at your work.

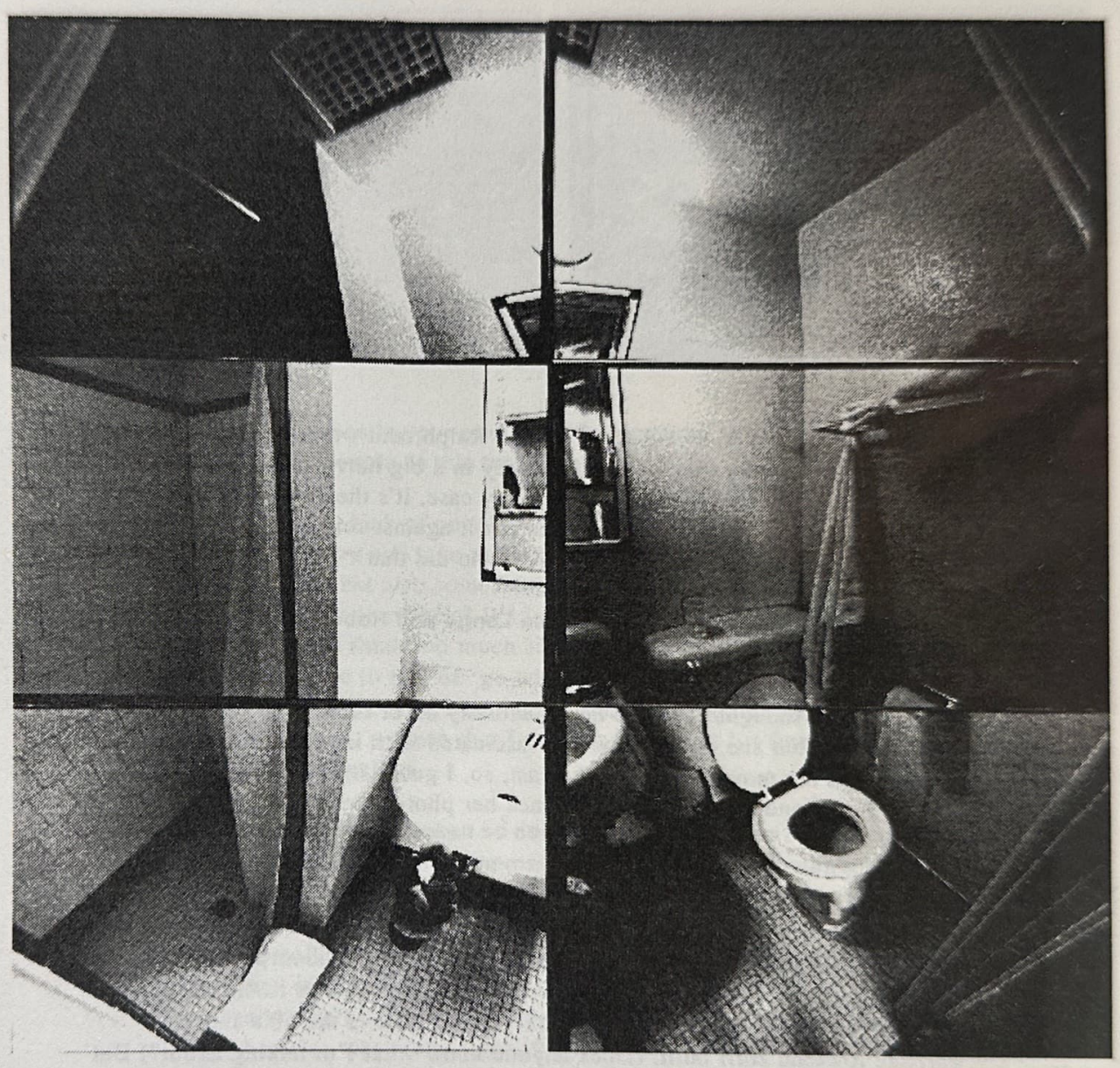
Gads, I never thought of it like that. I actually never think of Dorthea Lange as an influence, but she is, actually. I'm fascinated with immigration of people to the US, and the move west from the east, so, I guess she's an influence...and Robert Frank and also Sally Mann, since her photos are so immaculate.

Whose work inspires you?

I'm into the way Ray and Charles Eames worked together and created stuff. (They did displays and furniture design, etc.) A lot of random architecture inspires me... can't explain what that is... probably another L.A. influence. I love modern stuff and old stuff. The only stuff I hate is the 60's and 70's garbage low-end stuff built. (Does anyone know what I'm talking about?) But then that amuses me in a way. I can't believe that crap was built, you know? It's all falling in the ground now. It's all made of cardboard and stuff. What a rip off for the people who bought houses like that. It's really a crime.

The names of the images have a feel of almost a documentary. The naming of the picture gives audience opportunity to visit site, is this intentional? Why so specific in the titles?

I think you need to be specific. It is to document it as is... the date and everything really is important to me. I think it could be sort of the expansion



Bathroom at the Hotel Congress, Tucson, Arizona 2-98

fromthose postcards that give too much information. I figured someday the date will be inter-esting, if it isn't now. It will be. Things change and dates are good, but the location is really important so that other people can find it, too. That makes it real with a real location.

A few issues back, we talked with Catherine Opie who said much of her work is documenting a time and people because she saw things were changing. Your images of people in the punk scene, along with your involvement in the *Banned in D.C.* book, have a documenting quality as well. Are you specifically trying to capture a time and place?

Yes, like I just said, actually. Times are changing fast and things do change. The Fourth Avenue tunnel, which is my favorite photo I have taken. I knew that place was going to change and I knew that if I liked it so much, I would have to take a photo of it and I went back there a year later to take a photo of it. Since then, I have heard that it will be converted and "redone."

I really go on my intuition. Things that are old get torn down. Things that are old get redone. Things are changing all the time...and I think that's what I'm trying to do is save a bit on film. I took photos of all these houses being torn down around here. It's an amazing bit of photos just to see. And I ride my bike by there all the time. And it's just empty lots with big old trees. The trees were part of a person's yard. And it's strange how quick people forget what was there.

Is there a logical tie-in to art and punk? What connections do you see?

Well, I hate the regular business of art. I hate making slides of my work and submitting them. I hate applications I hate all of it. I like to do things where people just ask me to do something because they know who I am and they know how I work. And that is usually always through some punk rock way. I really enjoy that, and there are a lot of people doing things that way, and honestly, I see the best art coming from people like that. I don't know why.

Are the Dischord ad pics yours?

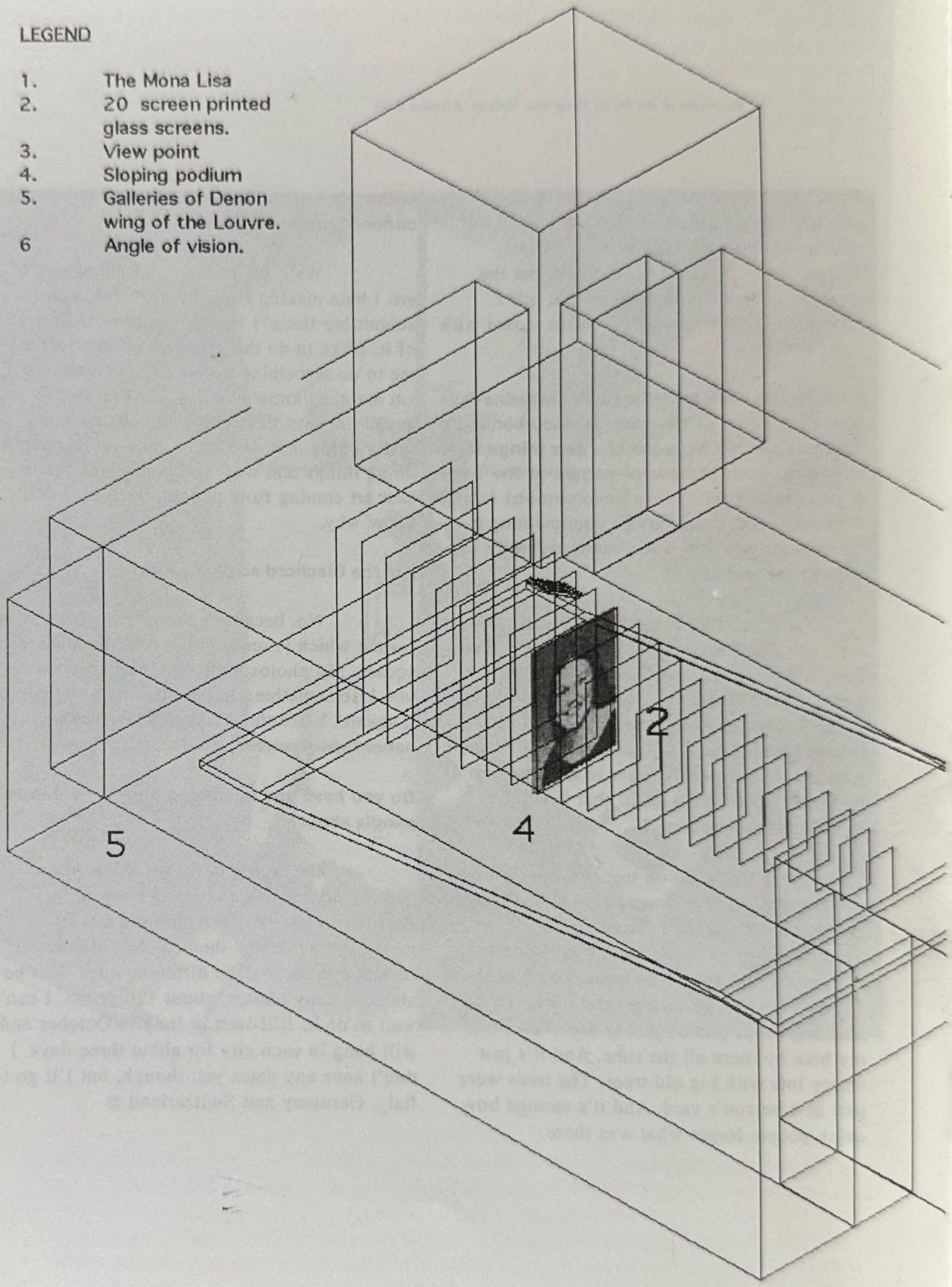
No, because I shoot in a 35mm format which is rectangular. And the ads are square. My photos really can't be cropped; you lose something in the photo if you make it square. I like the rectangular format way better than square.

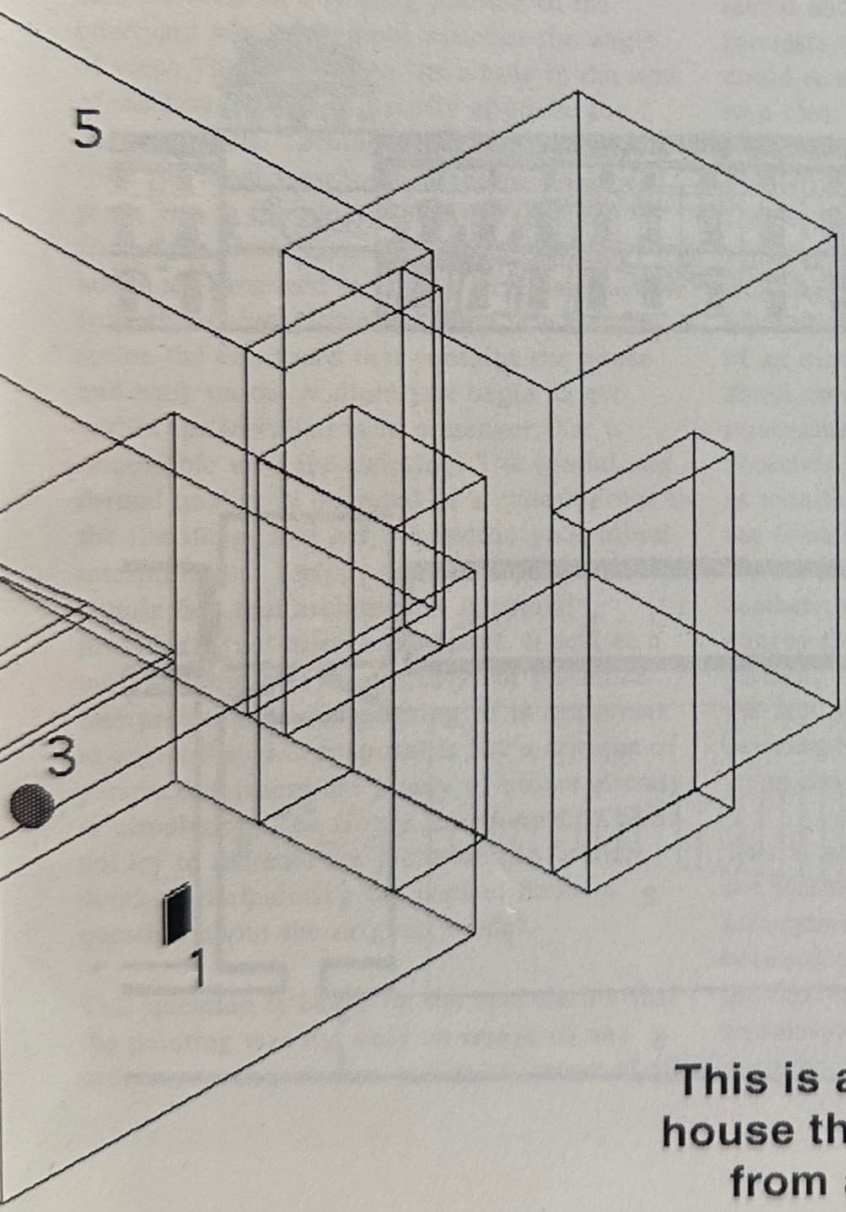
Do you have any upcoming shows we can tell people about?

I'm trying to set up a tour of me and my photos in Europe that showed in Seattle in May 99. I'm going to print RC prints and not frame them. They are going to be taped to the wall in different ways. It'll be about seventy photos, about 120 prints. I can't wait to do it. It'll start in Italy in October and will hang in each city for about three days. I don't have any dates yet, though, but I'll go to Italy, Germany and Switzerland.

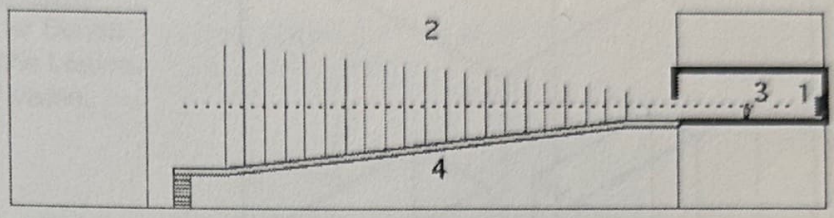
LEGEND

1. The Mona Lisa
2. 20 screen printed glass screens.
3. View point
4. Sloping podium
5. Galleries of Denon wing of the Louvre.
6 Angle of vision.

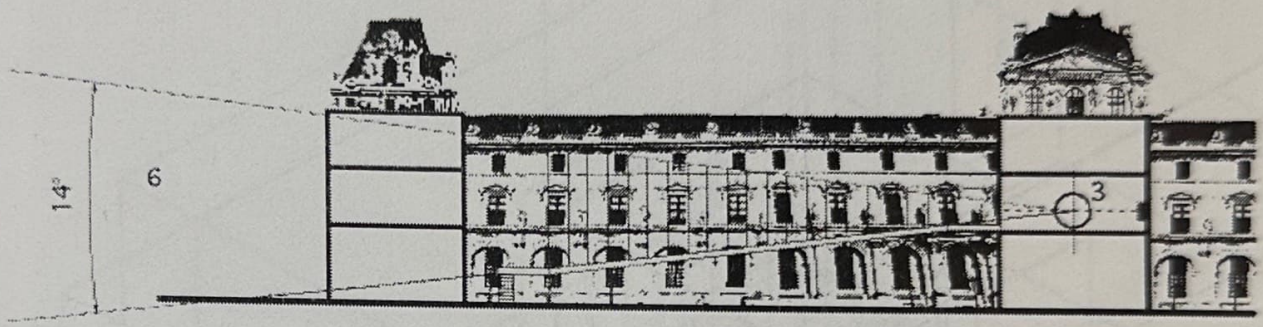




This is a proposal for a house that is generated from an idea about a painting.



SECTION 1:500



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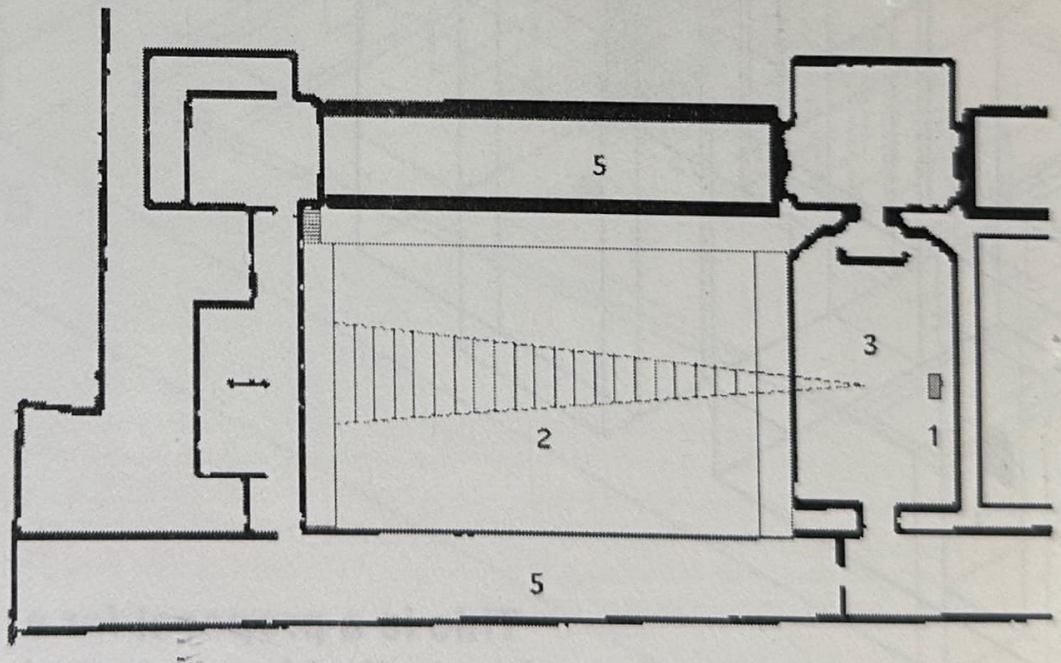


PLAN 1:500

The House for Mona Lisa is an installation that sits in a courtyard of the Louvre and consists of twenty-two cantilevered translucent panels in a splayed arrangement. Each panel is screen-printed with a faint black and white photographic image of a woman. Each image comes from a group of yearbook photos selected according to *Monalisaness*. The screens are set two meters apart and are cant-ilevered on a sloping podium in the courtyard whose gradient matches the angle of view. The first screen fits a hole in the wall of the Louvre that is directly opposite the painting itself. Turning 180 degrees around from the ideal viewpoint of the painting will place you in the ideal viewpoint for *The House for Mona Lisa*. The picture and the house are arranged to equate with one another from this point. However, when you circumscribe the courtyard that contains the house and walk on the podium you begin to get within the installation in a manner that is impossible with the painting. The spatial and formal quality is intended as a counterpoint to the flat image and helps question your initial interpretation. I suppose I am hoping that the simple fact that architecture is spatial provides a tool to reveal content. It acts as a built statement of an unlikely but particular interpretation of the painting. It is important to assert that this proposal is not a critique of perspective (there are plenty of others already in circulation).*The House for Mona Lisa* does not try to recreate the pictorial and spatial depth of the painting but instead forms a question about the original model.

This question is based on the speculation that the painting was not only an image of an ordinary young woman–it was an image of all ordinary young women. There was never one sitter/subject, but many. Her face was an expression of the collective aspirations of the emerging Florentine republic (described as "pre-Marxist"). The project does not attempt to speculate on the female portrait as a symbol of beauty in itself, but asks whether it is possible to adopt it as a means to convey another form of beauty–the beauty of new social and political organization! What interests me is that a possible covert meaning could remain more intact as a possibility than as a clear statement of intent.

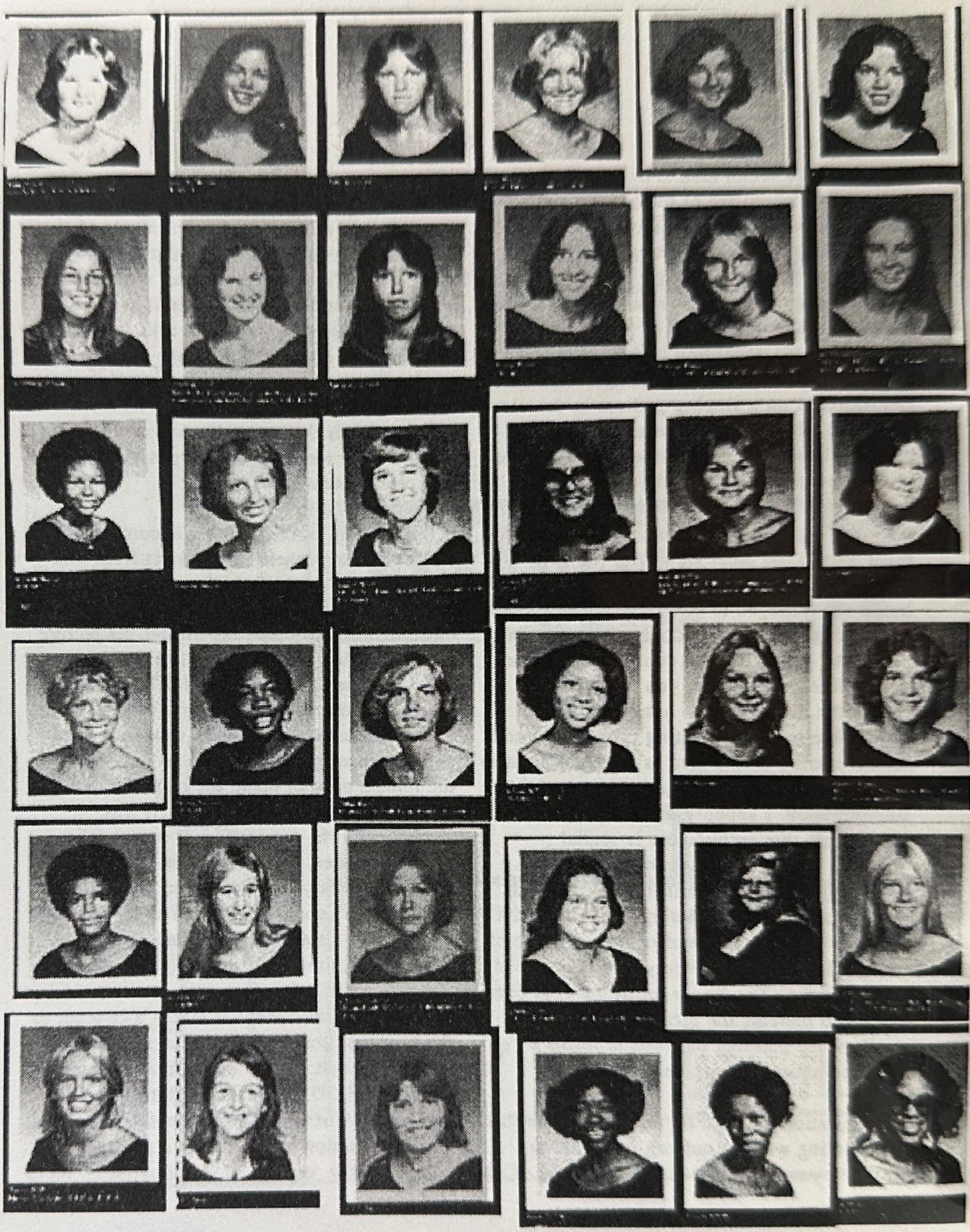
If this reading of the painting is correct then it creates an atmosphere that departs from that sanctioned by the high renaissance. It is exciting to think that it is some kind of "all in one" documentary painting or that the picture of an everyday women will tell you more about contemporary society than constructed representations of counts, dogs, horses, churches, etc. The fact that a women is used as manifestation of the *ordinary* maybe due to the female portrait being the most durable format available at the time, i.e. it was aesthetically the most efficient means to convey the idea. The subsequent fame of the painting seems partly dependent on this and the fact that Leonardo da Vinci never sold the painting but kept it as some kind of touchstone throughout his life and travels.

This is an installation that places a concept as the foremost generator of a plan and spatial arrangement. It a blurs the current distinction between the 2D image and architecture with the dual aim of using space and form to reveal an interpretation and to create a similar, but contemporary, version of that interpretation.

This project earned second place prize in the Shinkenchiku Competition *The House for Mona Lisa*

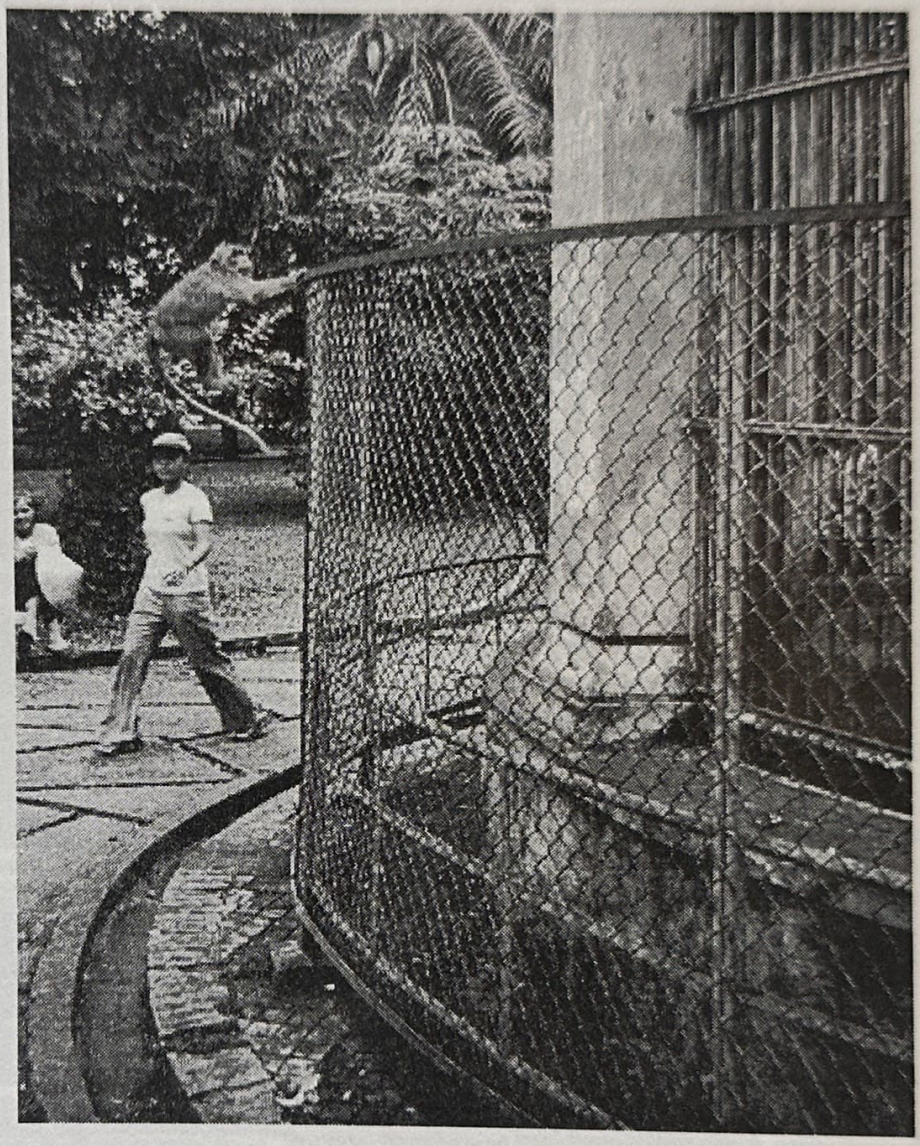
1. K. Clark- Civilization

(All images: Jason Griffiths)



take twenty female graduates

saigon zoo
beauty and the beast:
the subtropical architecture of possession



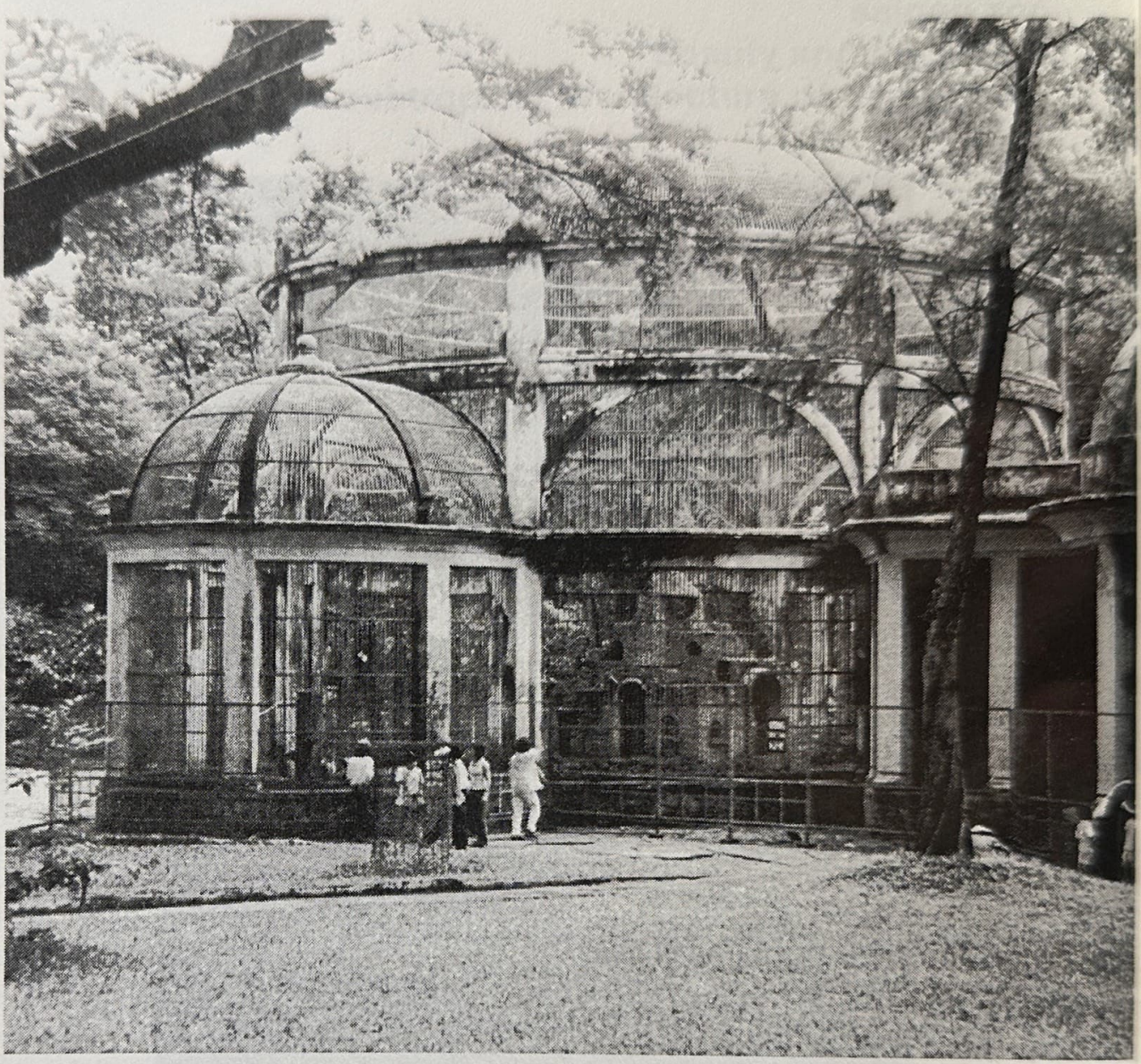
An escapee from the monkey enclosure.

all photos: steven bukvic

The 1998 guidebook stated that a merry-go-round of taxidermed animals in various states of preservation spun ceaselessly at the entrance of the Saigon Zoo. The zoo simply stuffed its animal occupants at death and then mounted them on the whirling platform. Sugar smeared children could straddle deteriorating camels. Morbid tourists could fondle crumbling emus. A dizzy mess of human sweat and tiger fur in relentless, mechanical revolution managed to be alternately intriguing, stupid, alarming and humorous.

When I arrived, the merry-go-round was no longer. Despite the fact that I have never been to a zoo with a preserved wildlife merry-go-round, the zoo seemed oddly incomplete without it. How did the zoo dispose of its dead, now that the merry-go-round was no longer in service? Pet cemeteries and special wildlife disposal services are few and far between, if not non-existent, in Vietnam. Expired wildebeests must grace the garbage heaps of Saigon; pretty little ibexes are the strange and useless finds of trash-heap pickers.

"Leave it to the French to create a cage which is *not really a cage,*" laughed a friend of mine who, like many, studied French Feminist critical theory and postmodernism in the early nineties. She was referring to the Saigon Zoo's Monkey House, which can be best described as a giant metal birdcage. It has the same plump curvy shape and thin vertical bars of the pretty brass penitentiary that housed your grandmother's cockatiel.



The bars are roughly half a foot apart, or to be precise, large enough for a small monkey to exit and enter as she pleases. Monkeys leap through the air, winnow lice from the fur scalps of loved ones, scream, eat, lick and love within the cage while smaller monkeys slip through the bars, scale the cage's exterior, grab ice-cream and fruit from the hands of babes and slip in again. It is a cold hard day at the Saigon Zoo, when a little monkey realizes she is not the svelte young thing she thought she was and can slip out of the Monkey House no more. The fatter, older, wiser primates placidly watch the screeching rage of chunky adolescent monkeys, halfway in and halfway out.

It would be easy to read the zoo as simply a surreal admixture of animals and architecture: the long ink black penises of zebras, the cages that are not cages, the elephants shuffling rhythmically to the

The cage which is not really a cage: the monkey enclosure.

piped-in macarena sound loop and the glassy-eyed, fur-clotted merry-go-round. Eventually, the sense of animal misery begins to mount. The original determinant for capture, which I assume to be a human pre-occupation with the possession and orchestration of beauty, sabotages itself. The animals' colors begin to fade in captivity. Some are visibly insane. The cats withdraw. The apes hurl shit at their observers. The emaciated lions live in pens the size of trailer park lawns and they are spotted with sores. Prolonged captivity, as presently constructed, is capable of eroding an organism and its beauty.

This wholesale adaptation of the panopticon onto the architecture of captivity, be it prison, zoo, peepshow or mental institution, dramatically condenses what little is space allotted to the incarcerated. It erases the captive's sense of privacy and ultimately eradicates the captive's sense of being, sense of architecture and sense of being in an architectural space. The crisis of space experienced by the viewed is obviously not experienced by the viewer. The architecture of captivity suits the captor just fine. Maintaining perfect visibility of the object at all times can be powerfully exciting: behold the child in open-mouthed wonder at the alligator in his pen or watch closely the masturbating client in his peepshow den. Yet, the ability to observe at all times does not have entertainment value alone. The viewer requires a sense of security and consequently, physical separation. The architect designs for the needs of the captor first.

The zoo-goer knows this from the get-go: that the beauty will be modified by the architecture of captivity. Subsuming their discomfort, the average zoo-goer takes delight in seeing without touching, it is a zoological peepshow, so to speak. Lets say a zoo-goer could be completely honest with his/herself and go a step

The leopard cage.

farther. Perhaps s/he would perceive the act of determining beauty as inextricably linked with observation and its necessitating captivity. They would realize how dependent they've become on the fence, the frame and the window.

The intellectual zoo-goer looks for ways to distract the mind from the misery at hand, endlessly asking analytical questions. How is space organized within a zoo? "How many different ways can you create a successful/unsuccessful cage? What is a good zoo? Can there be a good zoo, cage, or prison? Does good come to mean well designed? Good for whom? How do we design something that can imprison/contain but still allow for maximum observation, and yet still, allow for privacy? How to design a cage that appears "natural," as if the animal can not even tell it is no longer on the veldt?" Or the viewer can go the other direction and employ sensibilities marketed by Foucault. "How charming these old cages are! They are nostalgic, sadistic, and well crafted like corsets and riding crops. How ugly and beautiful power is! How ugly and beautiful captivity is! How do these external architectures mirror the architecture of the psyche, how we try to divide the animal other from the rational? What does it tell us about ourselves?! How ugly and beautiful we are!"

Granted, this is a rather loose interpretation of Foucault's elucidation on power, eroticism and punishment applied to an architectural construct. Foucault directly addresses the architecture of captivity in *Discipline and Punishment* by focusing, albeit not on the zoo, but the prison.

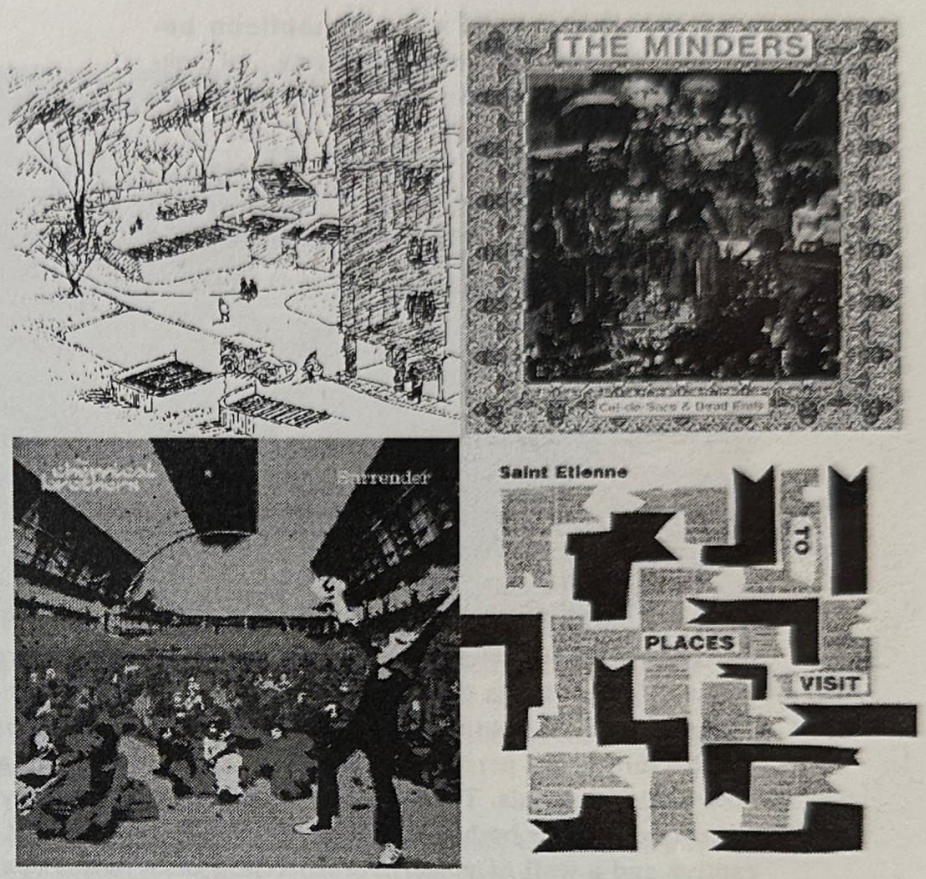
In the 1830's the Panopticon became... the most direct way... of making architecture *transparent* to the administration of power, of making it possible to substitute for force or other violent constraints the gentle efficiency of total surveillance.
(my italics)

Foucault pinpoints an administrational decree and desire to create an architecture that is visually permeable and that reflects and radiates a hierarchical power structure, all in the name of safety. Society must be safe from the prisoners. The prisoners must be saved from themselves and safe from one another. The modern zoo also functions along these same lines, despite its reputation for human pleasure. Human administrators determine a structure of surveillance for fun, for beauty and for safety. The humans must be protected from the animals. The animals must be protected from both humans and the animals that could eat them. A modern day detail of panoptic architecture is the perceptual Robotics ICAM. It provides a perpetual view of zoo animals. These video cameras create a literally transparent surface that is both a wall between viewer and viewed/ captor and captive and a wall of power. Transparency, once only a concept, becomes a building material.

***

After I visited the zoo and before I left Ho Chi Min City, I met a pale elderly European man in the foyer of my guesthouse and we began to speak of the zoo. I remember that his hands were quite soft and were still and patient in my grip like small tame birds. A handsome well-spoken eighteen-year-old Vietnamese boy accompanied him. The boy companion said that he had been raised in one of the orphanages this European had founded.

"I cannot take in all of the street kids. There are too many," the European said, "but if the police find the street kids they place them in the state-run orphanages. They are like child prisons." He drank more tea and then continued. "So, I pay the zookeeper to let the street children into the zoo at night. They are safe from the police there. They can sleep within its gates." I imagined them sleeping amongst the cages. I surmised that it would be loud with animals' breathing, roaring, crying throughout the night. The street children were like the littlest monkeys, sleeping in a cage that was not a cage, negotiating transparent walls of power and of surveillance. ⊖



SOUNDLAB–*Flav-O-Pac: Memeograph 1* (SoundLab Records) **To those in the know, SoundLab is synonymous with good beats, technology, culture, art and amazing design. This release holds true to that. DJ Singe and MC Verb have been putting on SoundLab events in New York for awhile now and they also release a few things on their SoundLab Records label. Apart from that, their sounds and visuals have appeared at several galleries such as the Dia Center for the Arts and the Whitney. This project has them taking bits of live music from the SoundLab events and remixing them to form a "memeograph" of the happenings. The twenty tracks on this release combine all sorts of sounds from people like DJ Spooky, BassLineMassive and Lloop and bring them together as cohesive piece. If you weren't there, you can still groove to it.**

THE MINDERS–*Cul-de-Sacs & Dead Ends* (spinART) **Nothing turns the *loud paper* offices into a Scene Club-esque dance party faster than punchy, 60s influenced pop. Martyn Leaper's delirious jangly guitars in "Build," "Sally" and "Better Things" makes us push aside our lime green Thonet chairs and do the Shrug. This is another great pop record from spinART.**

THE TEENAGE FRAMES–*1% Faster* (Jump Up Records) **Word on the street is that these guys are *the* band to see for riff-a-rama rock n' roll purists. Other reviewers may cite the Rolling Stones and the Who as obvious influences, but the great thing about this record is the closeness with which it resembles Hanoi Rocks, the band that truly synthesized much of rock n' roll's debauched and bluesy history. Steve Albini twisted knobs on some of these tracks, presumably the rocking "Drug Power," "Back to Motor City" and "Glitter Parade." The music shifts styles on this record, but the band is at its best when giving in to the teenage desire to simply kick out the jams.**

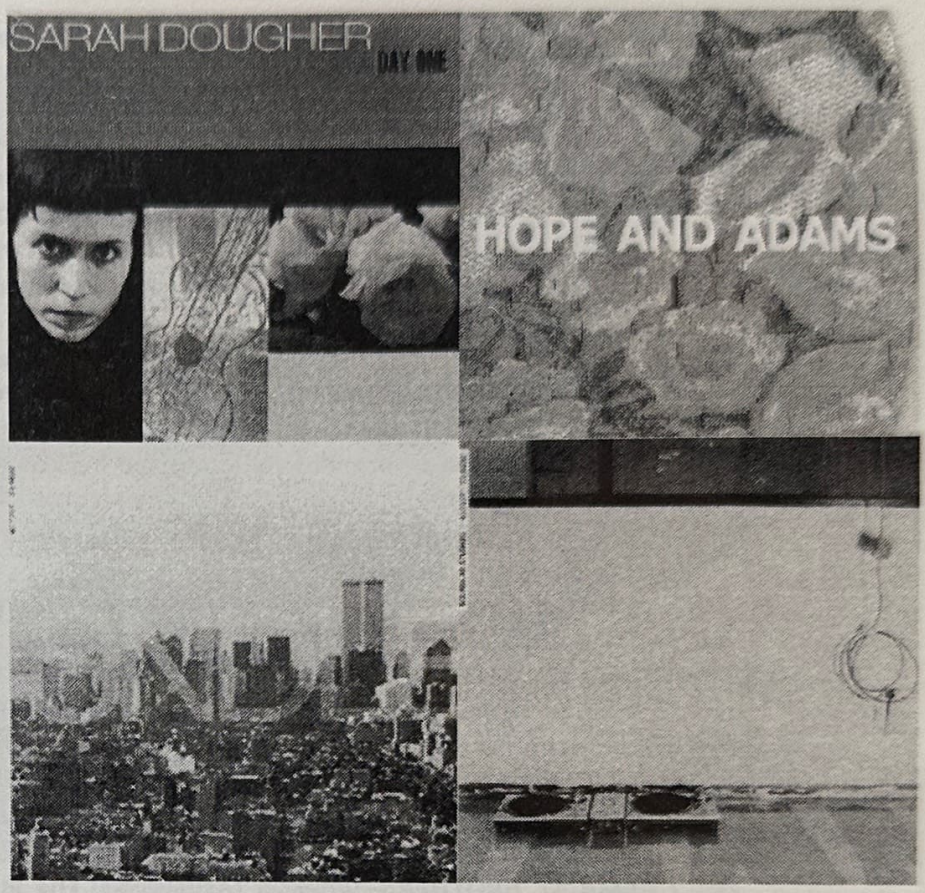
ATARI TEENAGE RIOT–*60 Second Wipeout* (Digital Hardcore Recordings) **Yes, this is electronic music, but it's not a dance album. Not unless you are dancing on the grave of Capitalism. Alec Empire leads co-conspirators Hanin Elias, Carl Crack and Nic Endo through thirteen tracks of breakbeats, distorted buzzes and anarchist manifestos that have more in common with early Bad Brains records than Fatboy Slim. The beats are fast and the lyrics are angry. It's like the Clash found a messed-up 808.**

MAKE-UP–*I Want Some* (K Records) **Forget about searching eBay for all those hard to find, out of print Make-Up 7 inches. K Records have put them all one convenient release. For the uninitiated, Make-Up combine elements of funk, soul, gospel, psychedelia, performance art and garage rhythm and blues into one neo-mod rave up. This collection is twenty-three songs of freaky, loose, kinetic jams that illustrate why Make-Up is one of the most loved bands in the world. For the initiated, let me hear you say, "Yeah!"**

THE CHEMICAL BROTHERS–*Surrender* (Astralwerks) **The most recent record by Ed Simons and Tom Rowlands continues the duo's search for new sounds, big beats and a kicking party soundtrack. As always, it's the guests that offer points of interest along the route of beat mania. Hope Sandoval of Mazzy Star offers her space and beautiful voice to "Asleep From Day." Previous collaborator, Noel Gallagher, brings his Beatles obsessions to "Let Forever Be." Other guests include Bobby Gillespie of Primal Scream, Jonathan Donahue of Mercury Rev and Bernard Sumner of New Order. Put it on, have an instant party.**

BIS–*Social Dancing* (Grand Royal/Capital) **This record leads me to believe that the kids, indeed, are all right. Manda Rin, John Disco and Sci-Fi Steven create hyper, danceable synth/guitar songs for those not yet jaded towards the joys of pop. Some might cry "Disco Sucks," but Bis melds disco with punk and new wave on tracks such as "Eurodisco" and "Action and Drama" so well that you might not realize you are dancing to a disco groove. If you like Sanrio products, punk rock, 80s Madonna and video games, Bis is for you.**

THE LYNNFIELD PIONEERS–*Free Popcorn* (Matador) **File this somewhere between labelmates John Spencer Blues Explosion, Ween and the aforementioned Make-Up. The freaky, hip hop-laced jams are more stoopid than Anthony Keidis, but are more endearing as well. Dan Cook sings moronic lines over his own garagey organ and Mike Janson comes in sparingly with disjointed pickings. Under this mess, J.P. Jones flails at his drum kit like a drunken chicken. And you know what? It works.**



SAINT ETIENNE–*Places to Visit EP* (Sub Pop) **These six songs are sonic postcards each mailed from a different airy pop city. Following the trio's well-received *Good Humor,* the album is a capricious combination of pseudo-sitars, knob tweaks and bells. The song "Sadie's Anniversary" is a play of torch song electronica and keyboard lushness. "Were in the City" moves at the speed of subways with disco danceability and a stop-motion beat. Sarah Cracknell's loop-de-looped "do-dos" and "la-las" float above the fray, venturing down into the mix every so often to get a little groovy. It makes you want to put on your best headphones and hit the streets. (MZ)**

SARAH DOUGHER–*Day One* (K Records) **Sarah Dougher can SING. Yes, she also writes amazingly rueful songs filled with sweet and sour lyrics and rocks the hell out of Cadallaca and the Crabs. But it is her voice that gives her debut album its richness. It is full on the tender reminisces, raw and deep through the pain. In sparse arrangements John Reuter on guitar and sts (Cadallaca bandmate) on drums accompany Sarah's vocals and guitar. True to troubadour fashion, almost like a lonesome cowgirl, she belts out stories of drunks, porno junkies, multiple soured loves and many cold summers. (MZ)**

EVIL TAMBOURINES–*Library Nation* (Sub Pop) **What happens when indie rock kids decide they want to make a hip-hop record? It may sound like a horrid idea, but I think that's actually how the whole trip-hop movement was started. The Evil Tambourines, Andy Poehlman and Tobias Flowers, are joined by a host of Seattle musicians on their urban adventures which often turn out to be more about abstract beats than a head nodding bounce. The song "Saturn" borrows horns from Side Effect's classic groove track, "Always There." While some of the rapping made me flinch, they are perhaps most at home on the spoken word/scream-filled title track, "Library Nation." The album finishes with the disco inspired "Rollerskate!" a throwback to the days of flashing lights and roller rinks. (Karen Dere)**

PAVEMENT–*Terror Twilight* (Matador Records) **Pavement continues to serve up a full plate of folksy, groove-ridden rock music on their latest endeavor. Their fifth full-length release is chock full of enough eerie, down-home ditties and guitar-bitten anthems to bring a tear to even your mother's eye. Embracing more of an expansive and produced approach to their patchwork of intertwining guitars and tricky, lyrical riff-raff, *Twilight* is the impending, "last-call" melancholy that takes hold in some no-name, roadside bar. Mystical white noise and loungy feedback scatter the starlit backdrop of your rear view mirror in an undeniably fantastic exploration of the great beyond. (Sean Baca)**

MARINE RESEARCH–*Sounds from the Gulf Stream* (K Records) **Marine Research sparkles in the sunlight of indie pop. *Sounds from the Gulf Stream* boasts ten punchy gems that put a spring in your step and a smile on your face. Lyrics float between love, life and loss and are soaked in iridescent melodies. Catchy it is. Sugarcoated it isn't. The band's spontaneous and accessible sound reveals an edgier and more consciously aware approach than its earlier incarnation, Heavenly. Which is not to say you won't find yourself wishing for a haircut "just like Jean Seberg." (SB)**

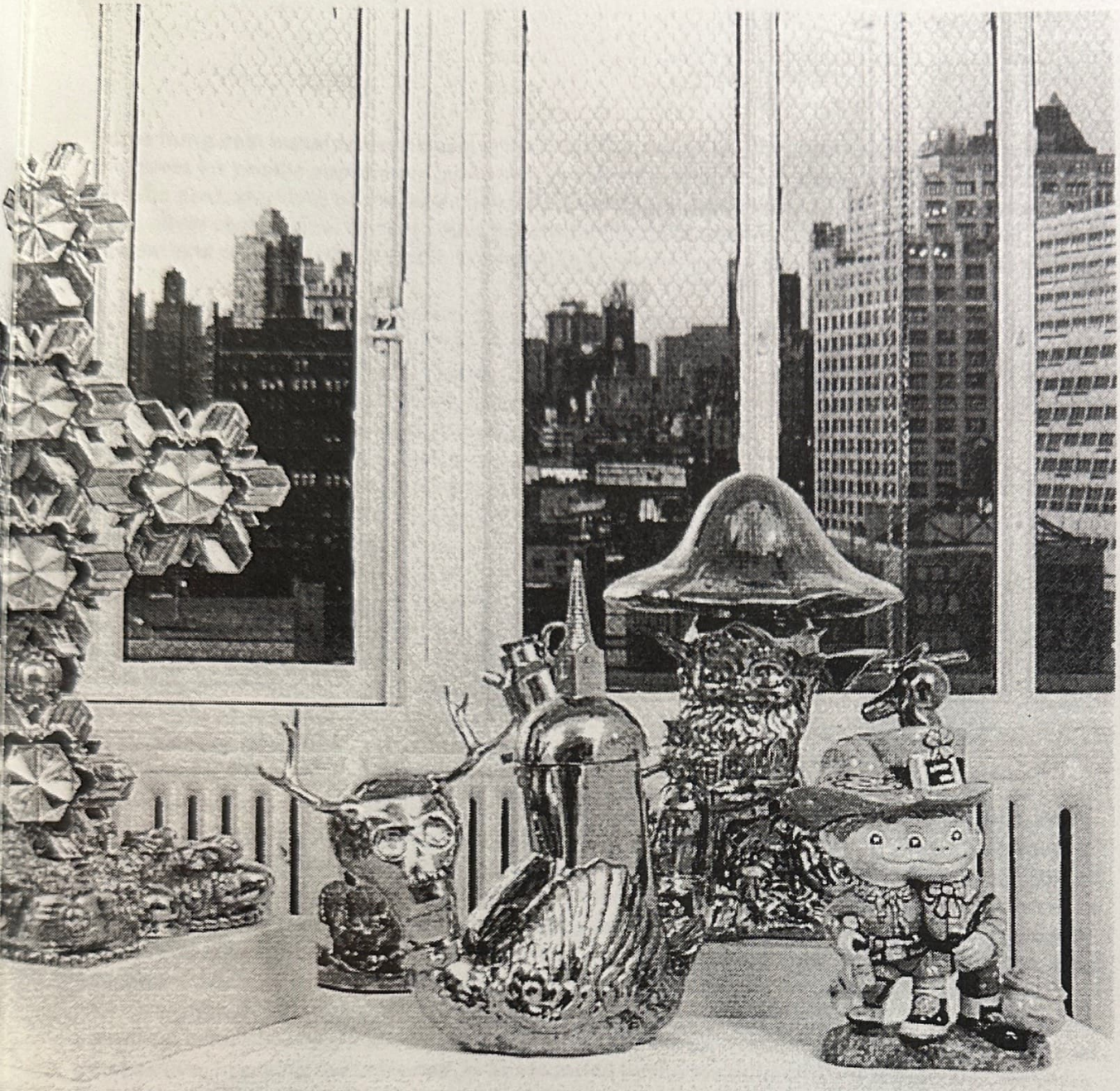
WHEAT–*Hope and Adams* (Sugar Free Records) **This band wastes no time stating their purpose within the first three chords of their second album, "No one likes it slow, and we take our time" they sing. It is a bittersweet salute to the truckloads of indie bands that rely on fast-paced tempos and unintelligible lyrics to impress the audience. *Hope and Adams* blends a refreshing cascade of laid-back guitar riffs and polychromatic melodies. The result leaves the listener swimming in a kaleidoscope of heartfelt reflection. Introspective songs wind about leisurely, unfolding like washed out photographs, spilling from a leather-bound album. Perfect album for a leisurely Sunday drive. (SB)**

BUFFALO DAUGHTER–*WXBD* (Grand Royal) **Buffalo Daughter is a crazy DJ, a guy who pounds the hell out of his drums, a small woman on the moog and another woman rocking power chords on the guitar. Live, they are all noise punctuated with analog keyboards. On record, the mix has more subtlties. This is a remix EP with celebrities such as Cornelius and Kut Masta Kurt taking the tracks and moving them away from the rock sound Buffalo Daughter flirts with by emphasizing the dee-jay side of the band. If you like to rock and you like the beats, this is for you.**

surfaces of pleasure: *luster*

Luster, the dictionary tells us, is a quality of a surface that is characterized by brightness, or radiance – gloss or sheen. It shares the root of lust which comes, like illustration, from the German. So, lust and luster are surfaces and pleasure, surfaces of pleasure and the pleasure of surfaces. The works collected by Henry Urbach all deal with surfaces in delightfully different ways. *Luster*, the new show at Henry Urbach Architecture, features work by a group of artists and architects addressing issues of surface, space, desire and pleasure. As stated in the press release, the participants "share a common obsession with the surfaces we construct and how they serve to manage anxiety and focus desire."

eric howler



Henry Urbach's gallery opened in Chelsea last December as part of the SOHO to Chelsea shift, pioneered by the Dia Center for the Arts, and followed by *Comme de Garçons*. Urbach is interested in new sites of interface: between the architecture studio, the academy and the art world. His gallery carries the works of Lebbeus Woods, and has exhibited an installation by Hani Rashid and Lise Anne Couture of Asymptote.

Joe DeFazio's *Urns* ($2800-$10000) is a collection of vessels and chotchkes assembled out of kitsch collectibles. They sit on a table like religious icons. A grotesque assortment of shiny, freakish lawn gnomes and toy guns, the sculptures are finished in a metallic glaze that makes the objects all the more bizarre. A Siamese-twin gnome stands next to a skull-topped duck, a scarecrow and a Catholic cross assembled from an agglomeration of snowflakes. The shiny, chrome-like coating reflects the viewer in a distorted fun house way. The surfaces of these abject assemblages make them at once objects of desire and disgust.

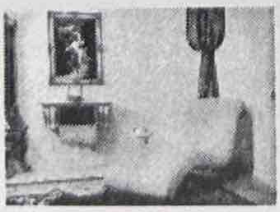
this page: Type A, *Prize (Gold/Silver/Bronze)*
previous page: John DeFazio, *Urns*
(all images: Henry Urbach Architecture)

Three hung cast metal athletic cups, a work by Type A entitled *Prize* ($3200) call into question the quest for phallic supremacy (mine is bigger than yours). The armored surfaces of faux athletic gear, are hung on the wall, their relative heights determined by their metallic finish: gold, sliver and bronze. They are also beautiful objects in their own right, precious metal simulations of banal athletic gear. Presumably precious metals guards the "family jewels."

Diller+Scofidio's pieces entitled *Vice/Virtue* ($5000) are four beautifully crafted glassware objects of uncanny familiarity. Displayed on a sterile medicine cabinet-like shelf, each vessel is presented with a strange twist. A regular drinking glass is warped to contain a capsule of Prozac pills. Another glass, similarly distorted, acts as an ashtray for an unlit cigarette. The most disturbing vessel is a champagne glass that doubles as a syringe containing a green liquid. The surfaces of the everyday container are altered to create multiple chambers–you can smoke and drink at the same time. Diller and Scofidio's commentary on the everyday object as a vehicle of depravity and danger is unnerving in the sophistication of its fabrication.

Two of my favorite pieces are by An Te Liu: a column of household sponges entitled *Soft Load* ($2500) and a swatch of wallpaper entitled *Levitown* ($750). The odd tower of sponges makes up a polychromatic columnar member, tentatively installed under an exposed beam. The sponge, an instrument of hygiene, for maintaining clean (if fetishized) surfaces, is transformed into a bogus structural member, which feigns structural support, while made up of porous blocks of sponge, suggesting obsessive maintenance of surface. The classic opposition of structure/surface is put into play by this witty piece. Liu's other piece is a sample pattern of wallpaper made up of kaleidoscopic aerial views of Levitown. The source image, a view of the monotonous pattern of suburban tract housing in Levitown is reproduced to create a Rorschach-like surface. The aerial perspective, implying surveillance, is confounded by the multiplication of images and becomes decorative pattern. The bi-axially-symmetrical pattern of generic American post-war landscape transforms to the erotic, traumatic form of the biomorphic. Wallpaper, at once a noun and a verb, parallels the reality of a speculative development of the American suburb that consumes both the suburban and rural frontier with a repetitive pattern of the familiar.

E.V. Day' s illustrations, entitled *Anatomy of Hugh Hefner's Private Jet 1-5* ($3000) were the most enigmatic in the show. A series of five blueprints, the drawings trace a metamorphosis of Hugh Hefner's private (parts) jet, from phallic organ to vaginal composition. The first image is a plan of the jet. Though phallic, it is a conventional plan of bathrooms and sleeping quarters. The series charts a transformation of the jet as its organs mutate and multiply into a strangely bodily form. The illustrations map the surfaces of desire symbolized by the quintessential playboys' love machine.



above: Katherina Bosse, *Realms of Signs, Realms of Senses: Playroom*
left: Katherina Bosse, *Realms of Signs, Realms of Senses: Boudoir*

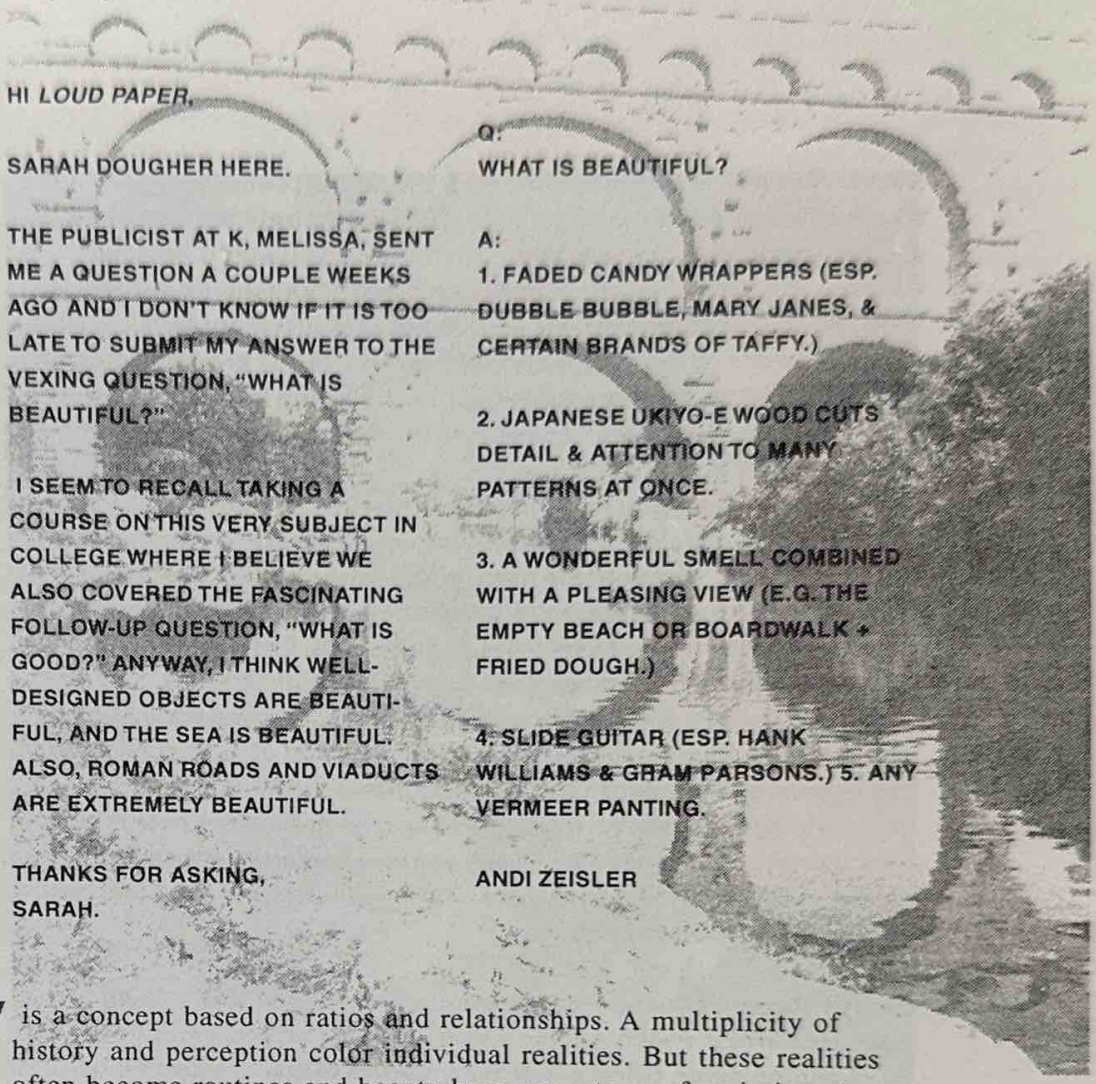
Both of Katharina Bosse's photographic images, collectively entitled *Realms of Signs/Realms of Senses* ($2000) illustrate themed sex club rooms. One is a classroom, complete with a disciplining yardstick, which is at once an indexical instrument and masochistic punishing tool. The other image features a carpet-clad amusement park carrousel pony in front of a mirror. These sex props are costumes of architecture. The images represent masquerading interiors that evoke sexual fantasy and reveal the artificial surfaces of the role-playing.

Joel Sanders' *Bachelor Pad* ($8500) is a house designed for a suburban gay male. As with several of Joel Sanders' projects, this house explores issues of the private and the public. The neuroses of suburban living are explored in a house that frames and displays views of its interior and views of the neighbors. Cut-away views of the house expose its interior, even as it screens itself from the Joneses. Montage images reveal the house as a half-submerged series of spaces, each framing views of the neighbors and of the house itself. The renderings display the fetishized surfaces of lawns, windows, walls and clothes. Naked male torsos appear among the paraphernalia of bodybuilding, dumbbells, bench press, a bed and mirrors. The project questions the normative suburban development's quest for privacy within community.

Jurgen Mayer Hermann's paintings entitled *Warmer* ($500-$800) are heat sensitive monochromatic paintings that respond to human touch by changing color. Given the museum world of "Please don't touch," the "please touch" of Hermann's paintings is a delightful invitation in the age of "click here." These small, flesh colored paintings record the desire to leave a mark and to record one's passage. This is part of the lust in il*lust*rate.

Luster's steamy innuendo and its discursive underside illuminate much of what makes contemporary spaces stimulating and compelling, sensual and repulsive. Henry Urbach's curatorial effort is sharp and timely (Sander's Bachelor Pad is also featured in the MOMA's show *The Unprivate House*, and Hermann's heat sensitive sheets and other projects are featured in the most recent, if not penultimate, issue of *Assemblage*). The works raise important issues, calling into question normative spatial practices and banal quotidian surfaces. Stop by 560 W. 26th St. New York (or hua@huagallery.com) to touch and leave a mark. ⊖

the beauty question



HI *LOUD PAPER*,

SARAH DOUGHER HERE.

THE PUBLICIST AT K, MELISSA, SENT ME A QUESTION A COUPLE WEEKS AGO AND I DON'T KNOW IF IT IS TOO LATE TO SUBMIT MY ANSWER TO THE VEXING QUESTION, "WHAT IS BEAUTIFUL?"

I SEEM TO RECALL TAKING A COURSE ON THIS VERY SUBJECT IN COLLEGE WHERE I BELIEVE WE ALSO COVERED THE FASCINATING FOLLOW-UP QUESTION, "WHAT IS GOOD?" ANYWAY, I THINK WELL-DESIGNED OBJECTS ARE BEAUTIFUL, AND THE SEA IS BEAUTIFUL. ALSO, ROMAN ROADS AND VIADUCTS ARE EXTREMELY BEAUTIFUL.

THANKS FOR ASKING,
SARAH.

Q:
WHAT IS BEAUTIFUL?

A:
1. FADED CANDY WRAPPERS (ESP. DUBBLE BUBBLE, MARY JANES, & CERTAIN BRANDS OF TAFFY.)

2. JAPANESE UKIYO-E WOOD CUTS DETAIL & ATTENTION TO MANY PATTERNS AT ONCE.

3. A WONDERFUL SMELL COMBINED WITH A PLEASING VIEW (E.G. THE EMPTY BEACH OR BOARDWALK + FRIED DOUGH.)

4. SLIDE GUITAR (ESP. HANK WILLIAMS & GRAM PARSONS.) 5. ANY VERMEER PANTING.

ANDI ZEISLER

beauty is a concept based on ratios and relationships. A multiplicity of history and perception color individual realities. But these realities often become routines and beauty becomes a term of omission. A term of forgotten meaning, beauty is a term that creates comparison; something is or isn't beautiful, but it is also a point of comparison between the external world and ourselves. It mitigates between our knowledge and our reality, and between collective reality and subjective reality. It is therefore a subjective interpretation of reality which influences our conceptions of Beauty. Beauty happens when we shed our rote visual relationship to reality.

What is Beauty and where do I find it? The question sounds like "Excuse me, on which aisle do I find Camembert cheese?" While you can't necessarily find beauty in any specific aisle next to the toothpaste, or behind the summer squash, you can't always find it among the collectively known icons of beauty such as the Venus de Milo or Sophia Loren either. Beauty is hidden behind the simple things of everyday life, those simple things that often routines sweep away till indifference remains.

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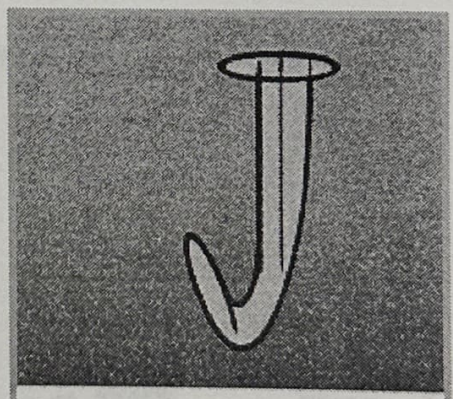
Frank Gehry in Prague: Unexpected Beauty

Never before have I felt something this awful visiting a new city: a feeling of drastic sadness and crime. I was stuck in a city perfect for one of those noir mysteries ending with murder. When I finally hit rock bottom, there they were, Frank Gehry's *Ginger and Fred* in Prague, dancing on an urban dance-floor, vitalizing a context that was previously hopeless. The depressed city and the immense poverty, the huge and powerful Soviet architecture, didn't make me ask "Why in hell did they spend more money for this thing instead of...?" I didn't care. In this wicked reality I saw an urban mirage: the unbearable lightness of Capitalism dancing in the soot-darkened city.

lily storelli



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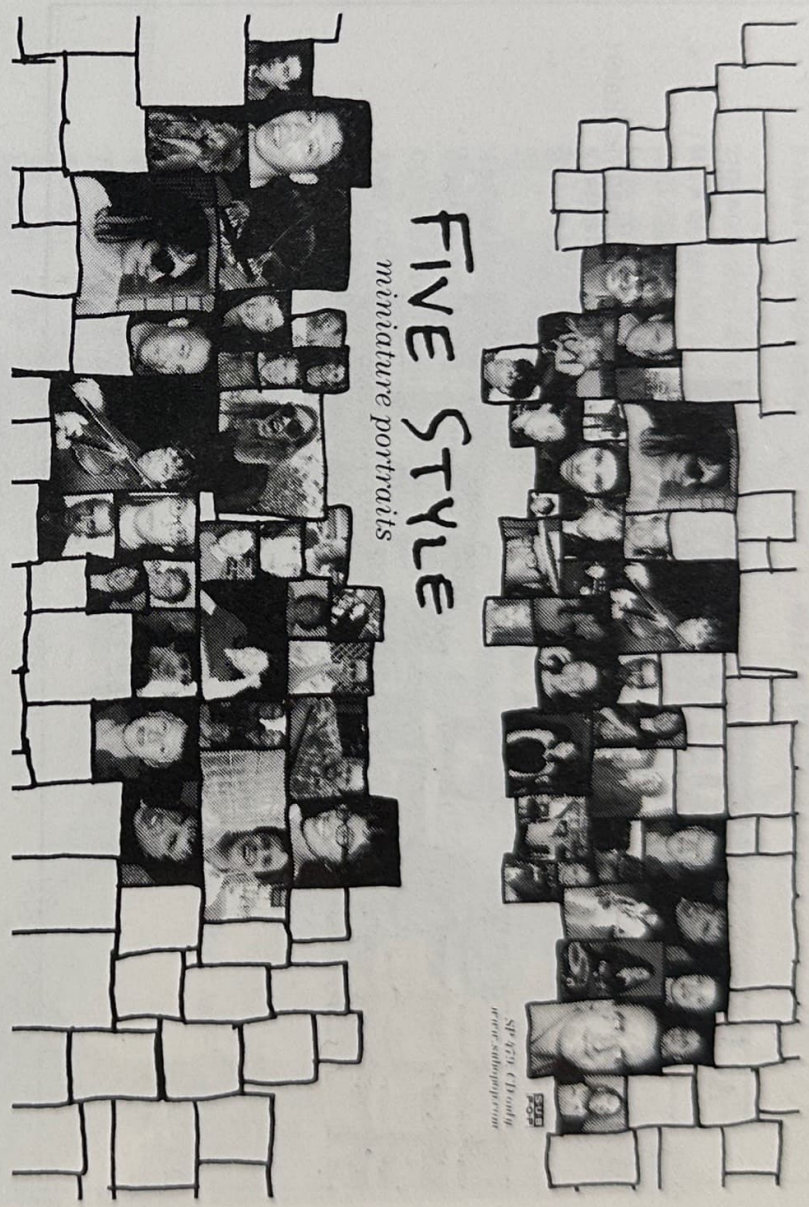

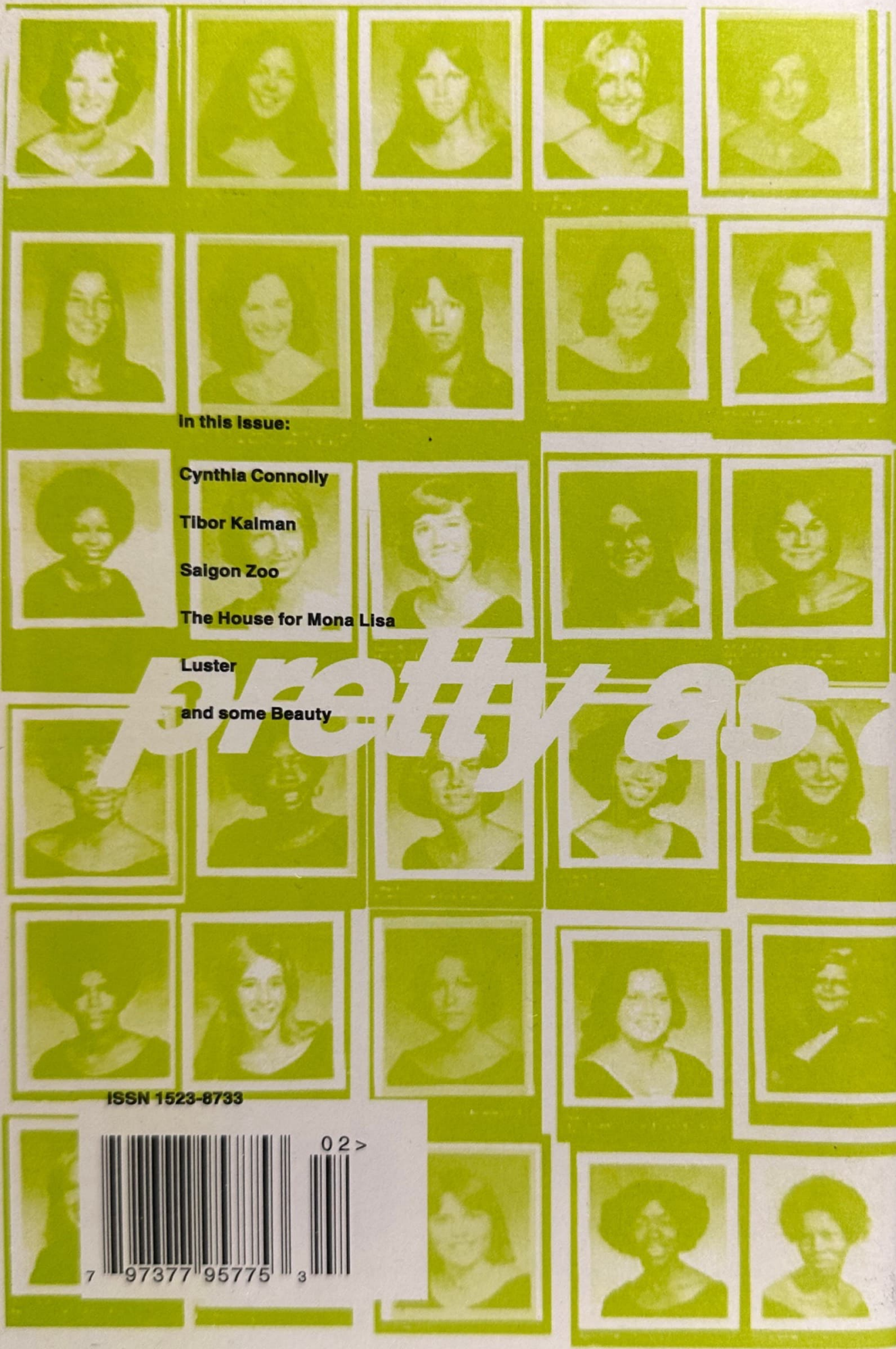

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